

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**EXCLUSIVE!** Our Editor interviews Mrs. Roosevelt

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# Battle of the curves

Advice for those about to endure their annual reducing ritual

Summer is only a spring suit-length away. We've been looking hopefully at the inward curves of the new season's bathing-suits, hopelessly at our own outward curves — and wondering how to fit the latter inside the former.

There is much puffing and groaning on boudoir floors as we go through the tortures of our reducing exercises.

Any woman who has had to wage war on those extra curves will sigh reminiscently as she reads this article by a well-known American writer.

By CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

WHEN a woman goes to try on a dress she often finds herself before one of those mirrors with hinged side panels which suggest a primitive triptych. Such mirrors reflect many seldom-beheld angles, and the sudden sight of them is a shock.

Your profile somehow isn't at all the way you'd remembered it, and your eye is arrested not without horror by that portion of the anatomy of which you catch a good glimpse only on these sartorial occasions.

Such a recently beheld panorama of myself filled me with panic. I felt I must do something immediately.

I consulted one of my better-shaped acquaintances, who sent me with my troubles and my protuber-

ances to a small, but impressive, "slimming" establishment. Mme. Alberta listened to the story of my proportions as if it were a case history.

On a card resembling a hospital chart she wrote my name and address and details of personal history that struck me as singularly irrelevant in the matter of hip reduction. "Now, we'll see about your weight."

"I know what I weigh," I said, adding recklessly. "And I don't care. All I'm after is to reduce my..."

"Weight and measurements must be taken at every treatment," she interrupted with polite asperity.

"There's the dressing-room. Will you kindly disrobe?"

When I emerged Mme. Alberta led me down a corridor. Behind a screen she whisked off the sheet in which I was draped in the manner of a mayor unveiling a statue and placed me on a scale.

"Now for those measurements," she said. "Miss Jones, will you please come here?"

Miss Jones proved to be a lovely young thing in a wisp of a sky-blue tunic. We were formally introduced—Miss Jones in her bright blue tunic, I in my bright pink skin.

Then, as if she hadn't already sufficiently humiliated me, Mme. Alberta took a tape measure and began calling out my measurements to the world at large.

She accompanied her work with a flow of exclamations that might be taken any way. "Well, well," or "I thought so!"

At times she shook her pretty head and went "tsk! tsk!" After completing her survey she



"YOUR PROFILE somehow isn't at all the way you'd remembered it."

turned me over to Miss Jones, who led the way to a room that contained a mat, a gramophone, and far too many mirrors.

Here Miss Jones put me through twenty minutes of hard labor.

I stretched and kicked. I jumped and pranced. I stood on my shoulders with my feet in the air:

that is, Miss Jones hoisted my feet into the air while I rose up on to a fast-breaking neck and screamed.

I tried to take time out by distracting her with harmless chatter. But Miss Jones was very strict.

Miss Jones herself was tireless. She'd do awful things such as picking up her ankle with one hand and holding her foot above her head like a semaphore. And she expected me to do likewise.

It's hard to feel cosy with Miss Jones. She is not only strict, she's exceptionally refined.

What I call "middle" she calls "diaphragm," what I call "stomach" her whimsy turns to "tummy," and what I call something else she, with averted eyes, refers to as "derriere."

Finally, Miss Jones said I was a good girl and might have my massage.

I staggered into the capable arms of Miss Svenson, who looked like Flagstad dressed up as a nurse.

She flung me on to a hard table and went to work on me as if I were the material in a taffy-pulling contest.

She kneaded me, she rolled me with a hot rolling-pin, she did to me what she called "cupping"—a beauty parlor term for good old orthodox spanking.

After she'd got me in shape for the oven she took me into a shower-room and finished me up with the hose treatment used to subdue rioting prisoners.

Once I'd dressed and recaptured my breath I felt extraordinarily full of radiant health and rugged appetite.

It was time for lunch and visions of beef steak danced in my head.

But Mme. Alberta was lying in wait for me.

"Here is your diet," she said. It was a tasty little menu consisting of a dab of

lean chop-meat, a few fruit juices and some lettuce garnished by a rousing dressing made with mineral oil.

Mme. Alberta's system includes a lot of extra-curricular work.

Now exercise in the privacy of one's domicile is a splendid idea provided one has a certain amount of domicile and a modicum of privacy.

But the only reasonable space in my apartment is the living-room, which is exposed to the hall by an open archway.

For my exertions I generally gird myself in nothing more confining than some old underwear.

My child goes into fits of hysterics at the spectacle, and tries to bring in his buddies to

"look at what Mummy's doing."

Whenever the doorbell rings I am obliged to leap for sanctuary behind the sofa—and I don't always hear the bell, which makes it pretty fascinating for whoever comes to the door.

Reducing, if one follows Mme. Alberta's school, is a 24-hour job...

However, the more of a spectacle I make of myself in the eyes of other people, the less embarrassing I am in my own mirror.

And Mme. Alberta is pleased with me.

The last time she encircled me with her measuring tape she found "signs of considerable shrinkage."



THE BATTLE of the curves is won, so you can look your best in your new bathers.

## Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE



MR. D. L. McLARTY

... ships again

APPOINTED Director of Engineering and Shipbuilding by the New South Wales Government, Mr. D. Lyon McLarty, Sydney engineer, will superintend the Government's plans for re-establishing the State shipbuilding industry at Newcastle. He will speed up production of marine engines as an urgent wartime need. Will also discuss with the Naval Board construction of naval vessels.



MRS. F. HANBURY

... military honors

FIRST woman to be awarded the O.B.E., Military Division, is Mrs. Felicity Hanbury, of London. She received her decoration for distinguished services with Royal Air Force.

Has now been appointed Public Relations Officer with the W.A.A.F., in which she has held a commission since 1939.



MR. E. R. BEHNE

... sugar research

FOR outstanding work over the past ten years in connection with sugar research, Mr. E. R. Behne, of Brisbane, has been awarded the H. G. Smith Medal for 1941. A memorial to the late H. G. Smith, Sydney chemist, the medal is awarded annually to a member of the Australian Chemical Institute contributing most to development of some branch of chemical science.

Mr. Behne is in charge of the Mill Technology Division, Bureau of Sugar Experimental Stations, Queensland.



## GOOD-BYE TO FOOT TROUBLE

Comfort Regained By The Nightly Use Of

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WHY is she so happy? Simply because she knows that her foot troubles are now ended. No more aching, pain, or soreness, for Zam-Buk keeps her feet easy and comfortable all day long. And there's no reason why you, too, should not enjoy the benefits of happy, care-free feet.

Every night just bathe your feet in warm water. Then, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and between the toes. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

### Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Troublesome hard skin and corns are softened and easily removed, blisters and chafing are healed, and ankles, joints, toes, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable again. Start now with Zam-Buk—there is nothing like it for the feet.

1/7 or 3/8 a box.

Use ZAM-BUK Regularly



Navy, Army, or Air Force  
Wherever he is serving he will welcome Zam-Buk. So don't forget to slip a box into your next parcel.





# BANNER FOR YOUTH

by  
**VELIA  
ERCOLE**

**J**UST as the car turned on the crest of a hill the sun triumphed in a day-long fight with cloud, and the dark evening sky became a sheet of flame. It happened with the suddenness of an accident, and Marny blinked and involuntarily leaned closer to Mr. Gettenheim.

Mr. Gettenheim gripped the wheel tightly with his strong hands, the car swerved slightly, then went on its swift, low-purring way.

Marny had said perfunctorily, after spending the afternoon with Louis Gettenheim: "I'll go home now in the tube. You mustn't waste petrol."

But Louis could get petrol. He knew how. Louis could go about a world from which war had torn pretty nearly everything and still tear from it all the things he wanted. He was a strong man, kind—and honest. He was rich, and American and minding his own business—though he was leaving it rather late getting out of England, because of Marny Ford.

Marny was comfortable and felt secure, huddled tightly against Louis, and thrust from her mind the unwelcome smile which the sun's bursting forth had evoked. She was sick of flaming banners across dark skies. She was frightened of the dark and even more frightened of the challenging banners.

Marny was small and very lovely; and though she was strong as a pony she looked fragile and rare, so that people treated her delicately and she had come to treat herself in the same way.

She tucked her hand under Louis' arm, and that soothed her further. But it didn't soothe Louis. With her pressing against him like that, he felt as if a wound had opened in his side, and all his body ached and trembled to draw her into his heart. But he was no boy; he was, indeed, middle-aged and that feeling passed.

His voice was unsteady as he said: "I can't wait much longer, child. You'll have to decide."

Marny said quickly, "Ah, don't talk. It was so peaceful. I like being close to you. I'd forgotten everything for a moment."

"I can make you forget it for the rest of your life. Marny, why don't you make up your mind? I think you've lied to me, haven't you?"

"No, no." Marny drew away from him and sat up stiffly. "There isn't anyone. I don't love anyone."

"Well, then—" He paused, then went on with a cold fine courage. "You feel you might be cheating yourself if you marry me. You think you'll miss something wonderful, romantic. If I leave you behind, if you stay here, you might love some young fellow. But in such times—"

Marny interrupted, almost brutally for so sweet a voice. Her face was quite hard.

"I don't see why you should talk like that when I've been honest with you. Do you think I don't know what love in our times must mean? Oh, no, Louis, I'm not going to let myself in for anything like that. I'm not going to put my heart up for a gun to shoot at. I'm not romantic. If I were I'd have done it months ago with Bill when he went to France."

"He was the only one. I haven't lied to you; it didn't come to anything. I've never written to him. I haven't heard from him. I didn't let myself be carried away, and I was right. I haven't had to cry myself to sleep every night like some of my friends. I've been happy. And I've still had good times."

"Well, then—" Marny went off nervously on a new tack. "There's the family. I haven't told them much about you."

"Surely your family would be glad to know you were going to safety."

"Yes. But leaving them all behind . . ."

*"It's a pretty  
contraption, but  
would you call  
it a hat?" said  
Mrs. Ford.*

Louis was patient. He said, "You told me you didn't get on well at home."

Marny said, "That didn't mean I don't love them all. I'd miss them dreadfully. It's only since the war I've been unhappy at home. They think of it all the time, and all do things and—"

"And you feel they disapprove because you don't want any part of it."

"Yes," Marny said sullenly. "I hate it. Life was such fun, and now it's all ugliness."

She turned and buried her head against his arm.

But a man cannot suffer strain for days and nights without wanting an end, and Louis said harshly: "Well, you must tell me to-morrow. The way you are, you're a total loss to your country, anyway, and to your family. Think it over to-night and talk with your people. But to-morrow I must know."

They had reached the tree-shaded street where Marny lived. All the neat gardens were bright with blooms. The still evening air was perfumed. When the car stopped, Marny could hear the comfortable, commonplace sound of a lawn-mower. Three doors away a man was clipping a hedge. There seemed to be such strength in this peace, such immutability in the little suburban sequence of the year that Marny could not believe in the menace which overhung it.

She said passionately, "It can't happen, Louis."

"It has happened, my dear. It can and it will happen. And one must be brave to sustain it."

Marny was pale, though she tried to speak lightly.

"And I'm not brave, am I?"

Louis took her small trembling hand and raised it to his lips. "I don't know, child."

Marny took refuge in defiance, in a hard little laugh.

"Well, I don't pretend to be."

"No," Louis said, still gently. "You haven't even courage for that. You'd better come with me."

"Yes," Marny said.

They were in front of the house, and Louis opened the door and helped her out. He called as she was moving away: "You've forgotten your present. Didn't you like the perfume?"

Marny turned back swiftly. "Of course, I'm a fool . . . and my own two parcels . . . I've been extravagant again, Louis. Mother won't approve, though she won't say anything."

"It's the right of every pretty woman to be extravagant," Louis said. "Tell your mother your future husband said so," he added with careful casualness. Marny went scarlet and, clutching her packages, ran toward the house.

She would have been glad to gain her own room unobserved, but her mother came out of the living-room just as she entered the hall, and said:

"Darling, there's been a letter from Eleanor. I made more tea when the work-party left, I'm just having it. Come in and we'll read the letter. I've made fourteen more pots of jam. I want you to help me get dinner, because Agnes is lying down with aspirin. That soldier has been moved to the north somewhere, and he didn't ask her after all. He just said 'Abyssinia,' and Agnes is very upset. I do think it's a shame. Did you go to see Madame Elise?"

"No," Marny said. For a year Marny had worked happily among other lovely creatures, as well-conditioned as herself, in Madame Elise's fashionable dress shop. The shop was now bankrupt and shuttered, and Madame Elise had become Elsie Slimmons and worked cheerfully enough in a department store.

Mrs. Ford said: "Well, I don't see how she could have helped you anyway to get the kind of job you want, or she'd have got it for herself. The luxury trade must be dead. Who wants to buy such things?"

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LEONARD  
JAMES - GRIFFIN



# WILLIAM WILSON'S RACKET

**Intriguing mystery story of a young politician's strange disappearance**

**C**OLONEL MARCH, of the Department of Queer Complaints, has entertained many an odd sort of visitor in his office at New Scotland Yard. But it is seldom that he entertains a visitor so socially distinguished as Lady Patricia Mortlake, only daughter of the Earl of Cray.

She burst in like a whirlwind, that pleasant, spring morning. She almost anoried through her aristocratic nose. And this despite the fact that Lady Patricia was normally a very languid individual, with a bored blank eye and a sullen underlip.

"She refuses to fill up an official form, sir," Colonel March was told. "And she's got a beastly little Pekingese with her. But she showed me a note from the Commissioner himself—"

"Send her up," said Colonel March. Lady Patricia subsided into a chair in a whirl and flop of furs, nursing the Pekingese. As a famous beauty, she perhaps photographed better than she looked. It was a highly enamelled sort of beauty, and her jaw looked as hard as porcelain.

She found herself facing a large, amiable man (weight seventeen stone) with a speckled face, a bland eye, and a cropped moustache. He was teetering before the fire, smoking a short pipe; and Inspector Roberts stood by with a notebook.

"I want you to find him," Lady Patricia said crisply.

"Find him?" repeated Colonel March. "Find whom?"

"Frankie, of course," said Lady Patricia, with some impatience. "My fiancé. Surely you've heard of him?"

Light came to Colonel March. Any newspaper reader will remember the political reputation made by the Right Hon. Francis Hale, youngest of the Cabinet Ministers. Francis Hale was young. He was rich. He was intelligent. He had a great future ahead of him.

Anything that could be said against him was, so to speak, to his credit. Francis Hale always did the correct thing, even to becoming engaged to the impoverished daughter of an impoverished peer. He was a teetotaler, a non-smoker, and a man of almost painfully strait-laced life. Colonel March privately considered him a good deal of a stuffed shirt.

"As far as I'm concerned," said Lady Patricia coolly, "I'm finished with him. We've done everything for that man. Everything! The right people, the right places, the right contacts. And I do hope I'm broad-minded. But when he turned up to make a speech at that Corporation banquet hopelessly drunk and practically blind to the world—!"

Now it has been stated before that nothing has ever surprised Colonel March. This, however, came close to it.

"And," continued Lady Patricia, flitting her furs, "when it comes to that red-haired hussy—actually carrying on with her in public—well, really!"

Colonel March coughed.

In fact, he covered his happy smile only just in time. To any normal human being there is something heartening, something wholly satisfying, about seeing any "stuffed shirt" go on the razzle-dazzle. The colonel was no exception to this rule. But he caught sight of her eye, and was silent. Lady Patricia Mortlake was no fool. Also, it struck him that she had rather a mean eye and jaw.

"I dare say you think this is all very funny?" she inquired.

"Not at all."

"And I dare say," she continued, opening her veiled eyes and cuddling the dog with dangerous quietness, "you wonder why this concerns the police?"

"Since you mention it—"

"But it would interest the police, I hope, to hear that Frankie has disappeared? Throwing his whole department into confusion at a critical time; to say nothing of the inconvenience to my parents and me? It would interest you to hear that he vanished out of that horrible office in Piccadilly, where heaven knows what has been happening?"

Colonel March regarded her grimly.

"Go on," he invited.

"He's been acting queerly," said Lady Patricia, "for over a month. Ever since he first saw this."

From under her coat she took a copy of a famous literary weekly, of the conservative and highbrow order, and unfolded it. She turned to the advertisements. With the tip of a scarlet finger-nail she indicated one advertisement printed in bold black type. It said simply:

"William and Wilhelmina Wilson, 250A, Piccadilly." Nothing more.

"It's been appearing in only the best papers," the girl insisted. "And every time Frankie sees it he seems to go off his head."

Colonel March frowned.

"What," he asked, "is the business of William and Wilhelmina Wilson?"

"That's just it! I don't know."

"But if they're in legitimate business, they must be listed?"

"Well, they're not." Her upper lip lifted defiantly. "I know, because we've had a private detective after Frankie. The detective says they sell vacuum-cleaners."

Though Inspector Roberts had ceased in despair to take notes, Colonel March betrayed only an expression of refreshed interest. He continued to teeter before the fire, and puff at his short pipe.

"It started," she went on, "one afternoon when I was waiting for him in the car outside the House of Commons. He stayed behind on the steps, talking interminably to that dreadful Labor man, What's-his-name. He simply wouldn't come on, no matter how many gestures I made. When he did condescend to join me, he looked at me in a queer way, and asked the chauffeur to stop at the nearest newsagents. There he got out and bought a copy of that paper."

She pointed.

"I couldn't tell what he was looking at. But I knew there was something wrong with him. I asked him if he couldn't take any interest in what I was doing for him. Even in the concert of chamber music I'd arranged for that night where Julio's Trio was to render selections from the modern masters. And he said—"

"Yes?" prompted Colonel March.

"He said, 'Curse and confound the modern masters.' It was too utterly tiresome, when Julio is all the rage this season."

"Indeed?"

"Then I caught him cutting out that advertisement from the paper. That wouldn't have mattered, and I forgot all about it. But only a week ago I caught him cutting it out again, this time out of 'The Times.' So," explained Lady Patricia, "I decided to find out who this 'William and Wilhelmina Wilson' really were. I paid them a visit yesterday."

Her eyes took on a shrewd, speculative look.

"Whoever they are," she said thoughtfully, "they've got pots of money. I expected to find the office some dreadful little place—you know. But it wasn't. My dear man, it's in a big new block of offices opposite the Green Park. So businesslike. That's what I can't understand."

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NOEL COOK

Pushing past the girl, Lady Patricia hastily opened the door.



# TWO FEET FROM HEAVEN

On trial for murder, she sought only to prove herself guilty! Our engrossing new serial.

By P. C. WREN

**T**HE STORY opens with the drama of a flower girl in the London slums, who gives herself up to the police as a murderer to shield the real culprit—the man she loves.

The scene then moves to an English rural village many years later. DENZIL MARINDIN, famous artist who scored a great triumph with his picture, "The Trial of Joan of Arc," is staggered when the REV. RICHARD NEYSTOKE, Vicar of the parish, collapses on viewing it.

Marindin has found Neystoke rather an enigma, and although he has heard that he was formerly a "slum parson," he is surprised to see how easily he fraternises with evacuees sent to the village from the London slums.

One of the evacuees, a boy known as "Itler," reminds Marindin vividly of the original model of his "Joan of Arc," and he proceeds to tell how he found her. This was in a London Coroner's Court where the girl, through her own confession, was committed for trial for murder.

Now read on.

**M**Y long-sought Joan of Arc was committed for trial—and so was I. Committed for trial as to whether I had sufficient pity, ability, self-determination and self-interest to get her off. If money and brains could do it—my money and a better man's brains—it should be done.

The terrible situation in which that lonely, friendless girl now stood appalled me and appealed, too, to anything of decency and chivalry that may be somewhere concealed in my nature. For I felt in my bones, I knew in my inmost consciousness, that that girl never killed a man, whether in self-defence or not.

As a man and as an artist I must do my best for her.

I had been guided to the feet of a living Joan of Arc, and I must not lose her for want of any effort that I could make.

I owed it to my art; to myself; to her; to the public; to posterity . . .

My normal and artistic consciousness both awake and aflame, I hurried straight from the Coroner's Court to Lincoln's Inn to see my admired and faithful friend—who is also my solicitor—a tough, tenacious Yorkshireman, a very fine lawyer and, curiously enough, Hillman, Jackson, Jackson, Walters and Scrope.

"Look here, Thomas," said I, "an embattled, or rather, empannelled band of brainless brutes has just condemned Joan of Arc to death."

Thomas eyed me calmly, with his considering, judgmental gaze.

"Evidently you read the Morning Record," he observed. "The news is stale by about five hundred years."

"Listen, Thomas," said I. "A reincarnation of Joan of Arc, answering to the name of Emma Heath, was to-day arrested and committed for trial at the Old Bailey on the charge of wilful murder. She is absolutely innocent."

"How do you know?"

"I don't know, but she is; and if one British jury can bring in a verdict of wilful murder in this case, another might; and in that event, she'd be hanged."

"Not necessarily," replied Thomas calmly. "Might get off with a life-sentence. Sure to, if there were

a recommendation to mercy. Be out in twenty years or so."

"And a fat lot of good she'd be to me as Joan of Arc then, wouldn't she? Besides, that is not the point. She is as innocent of this murder as you are; and has led a far more innocent life—on general principles."

"Then she certainly ought to be saved. What do you want me to do?"

"Brief the best man in England. The two best; the three best; and get her off."

Thomas regarded me pityingly; a look with which I am all too familiar when I take my bright ideas to him.

"How would you like Sir Edward Marshall, Sir Henry Curtis, and Oliver Roland for a start?—Cost you about what you've got."

"The best will have to be good enough. Get the best. Get to work; and get this girl acquitted."

After fourteen or fifteen years I do not remember the details of the trial of Emma Heath very clearly, though parts of it, little incidents, sentences from counsel's speeches, sharp phrases, stand out with the utmost clearness.

The girl's face, of course.

And in the gloom of that horrible Criminal Court of the Old Bailey her white face seemed to shine as with

*The three evacuees lapsed into silence, contemplating the strange habits of their well meaning hosts.*

the illumination of an inner light. More than ever was she, to me, Joan of Arc, arraigned for crime, and not only proud of what she had done, but grateful that she had been allowed to do it, nay, chosen as the instrument to do it.

I do not mean that she said as much in words, but it was in her look, her bearing.

This time, while I sketched, I paid more attention to what was going on, and got a fairly clear idea of the case.

According to Sir Hector Withers, for the prosecution, no one, save the girl in the dock, knew what happened in her room that night. There were no witnesses of the actual murder, and, apart from her full confession, it was only upon circumstantial evidence that the case could be decided.

I hated the fellow from the moment he stood up and began to speak. A great black, white-headed eagle. I hated that predatory eagle or, rather, vulture; that cruel man whose delightful business it was to put a hempen rope about the white neck of the girl in the dock; a girl to me, and surely to

any clear-sighted and understanding person, utterly incapable—utterly incapable, mentally, morally, and physically—of committing a murder.

Unfolding the case, he described how the girl had accosted a police constable just after dawn, told him that she had killed a man in her room, and that she wished to give herself up.

Going with her to her room in the slum tenement in which she dwelt, the policeman had found the body of a man who had evidently been killed. There was no possibility of suicide, death having been caused by a heavy blow, struck with a blunt instrument upon the back of the head.

Had the girl not made full and free confession—as the jury had heard—to the committing of this murder, the police would have had some slight difficulty in accounting for the motive for this crime, and in satisfactorily clearing up one or two minor details.

For example, the weapon or instrument used. The prisoner declined to give information on this subject; but, as the jury would hear, she had been seen coming

out of her room—wearing hat and shawl—at about eight o'clock in the evening. It was probable, indeed fairly certain, that, hidden beneath her shawl, she carried the aforesaid blunt instrument and somehow disposed of it.

A woman and her daughter—neighbors of the prisoner—standing at the door of their room, which was on the same landing as that occupied by the prisoner, were able to swear to the time being towards eight o'clock; for another neighbor, living on the floor above, had just come down the common staircase and, in passing, had asked the time.

"Now," said learned counsel for the prosecution, eager and anxious for the triumph of the Crown, and the hanging of the girl whose face was a certificate of innocence, "now, members of the jury, mark this. The accused spoke to the policeman who was passing this tenement at five o'clock in the morning and, as the police surgeon will tell you, the murdered man had then been dead for about twelve hours.

"That I submit, explains why no weapon of offence—no 'blunt instrument' wherewith a man could be struck upon the head with such violence that he was killed—was found in the woman's room."

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# LOVE ISN'T ENOUGH

**Romantic story of a young wife who refused to take marriage seriously.**

**T**HE ring of the telephone at that time of day was no mystery whatever to Mary. In fact, she no longer prepared the evening meal without having at least two extra in mind.

"This will be my only child, of course!" she said to herself as she picked up the telephone, and she was right. It was Penny.

"Is that Mrs. Robert Gardiner?" inquired Penny, formally. "This is Mrs. John Nielson," she added, still with a little breathless pride.

"Oh, how nice of you to ring," said Mary, duly impressed. "And how are you, Mrs. Nielson?"

"Dead to the world!" said Penny, dropping abruptly out of the part. "I've just been on a shopping expedition, and I feel as limp as a hanky. How is the food question, Mum?"

"Everything's being cooked," said Mary. "Stuffed roast lamb, peas, and new potatoes."

"Sounds heavenly. We can come, Mum, can't we? I'll leave a note for John."

"Of course, darling. It will be nice to have you both," said Mary, her tongue not far from her cheek.

It would also be the third time that week; and, although Bob would not commit himself to the extent of a single word, he could count as well as anybody else, Mary sighed as she opened the oven door to peer in at the cooking meat.

Bob's complete detachment from the situation was harder to bear than a frank expression of what he must undoubtedly be thinking. Not that a frank expression would be any help either!

"But I can't very well let them starve!" Mary told herself.

It was at such moments as this that she felt a recurrence of the sinking feeling that had swept over her when Penny and John had, out of the blue, announced their marriage, and all her fond dreams for Penny's future had disappeared into thin air. It seemed only yesterday that Penny had been at the High School, a tall, slim schoolgirl, her head perhaps full of hockey and tennis rather than examinations, but undoubtedly talented.

For the past two years she'd been at the Art School attached to the Technical College, and seemed to be doing really well.

Bob's reaction to the announcement had been typical. He had tried to persuade her to go back for her third year and take her final diploma. It would give John, who was an engineer, and in a reserved occupation, a chance to lay solid foundations for their marriage.

"It isn't that I don't like John," he argued. "I do, very much. In fact I think he deserves the very best out of life, Penny. And an early marriage is often crippling to a man's career, especially now when engineering is so important. You're too young by about five good years."

"Darling," said Penny indulgently, "that's the very reason why we got married quietly—simply because we knew we'd never persuade you that I'm not still in the cradle."

"But you can't live on four pounds ten a week," urged Bob. "Not brought up the way you've been. And it isn't as if John's family or yours were in a position to help a great deal."

"But we aren't even going to try to make do on four pounds ten a week!" said Penny, a little condescendingly. "Dad, you're old-fashioned. Positively Victorian. Women don't sit at home and twiddle their thumbs any more. I'm going to get a job."

"You aren't trained, Penny. Even

your art training isn't much good now in war conditions. All that belonged to the luxury world and is finished. What is wanted is hard practical stuff. It's experience that counts. What could you do in my office, for instance?"

Heavens, what a battle it had been between them, cut from the same piece of cloth as they were. There wasn't anything worth saying that Bob left unsaid. But when he had finished he hadn't made so much as a dent in Penny's serene self-confidence.

"All right, Pen," he had said finally, a glint in his eye. "But it's your funeral, and John's, remember!"

"Exactly, daddy darling!" said Penny, with a triumphant flash of the dimple at the corner of her mouth. "That's what I've been trying to tell you for the last hour!"

From that moment Mary had been caught between the two of them, and crushed hard. Bob was a man; and having played his last card and lost, he accepted the inevitable and did not argue.

Penny and John moved into the tiny furnished flat they had found nearby.

"But they're paying an extortionate rent," Mary told Bob in distraction. "Two pounds a week is too much out of John's salary. There's electricity, gas, telephone, and, of course, food."

"Well," said Bob dispassionately, "the quickest way to learn about rent is to go without food until you do!"

It hadn't worked out quite like that, however, as nobody knew better than Mary by now. She heard a number of young voices talking loudly just outside the window. It was Penny arriving home with her friends from the Art School.

She blew in through the front door like a tornado, two parcels under her arm, her slim young legs brown and bare below the trim white skirt.

"Where's dad?" she asked. "He said he might be a little late," Mary reassured her.

"I think I'll dash and change straight away," decided Penny. "You won't mind if John and I start without waiting for him, will you? We're going out with the crowd. Tim's on leave."

A change was more than possible in Penny's old bedroom. As many of her clothes were there, in fact, as were in her own flat. She could make a complete change from either place at a minute's notice. Mary began to put the finishing touches to the dinner; and John came in at the kitchen door.

Marriage hadn't done much for John. He had grown steadily thinner, in spite of Mary's best efforts. His eyes, nice steady grey eyes, were tired and a little baffled. He tossed his hat into a chair, and swung into the kitchen to help Mary carry the dinner into the dining-room. His deftness was revealing. Nobody needed to tell Mary that beyond any shadow of doubt he got his own breakfast and packed his own sandwich lunch.

"You're looking tired, John," said Mary. "Are you getting enough sleep?"

"No," said John, conclusively. Then, as he took the heavy tray out of her hands, he burst out in a sudden rush of confidence. "Lord, I wish Penny could get something to do. As it is, we dash about every night, and she sleeps all the morning. I have to get up, though, and half the time, Mum, I'm walking in my sleep. If only she had to get up early, too, perhaps she'd want to go to bed earlier."

Please turn to page 30



*Penny's flat became the noisiest rendezvous for streets around.*



# My memorable hour with Mrs. Roosevelt...



MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT—"She greeted me not as President's wife, but as a woman."



IN THIS ROOM in the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt talked with our Editor.

## Exclusive interview

OUR Editor, famous Australian journalist Alice Jackson, has made history on her visit to America. Mrs. Roosevelt granted her a personal, exclusive interview. They talked at the White House for over an hour.



MRS. ALICE JACKSON (right), Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, and her assistant, Miss Maisie McMahon.

## First Lady talks freely in friendly woman-to-woman chat

Cabled from Washington

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, flying to America and England.

For a memorable hour Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, wife of the United States President, talked with me at the White House to-day. I believe I am the first Australian journalist to be accorded the privilege of a sole interview.

I know my countrywomen will share my pride in this mark of her respect and esteem for Australia and her personal interest in my mission for Bundles for Britain.

Mrs. Roosevelt has many extra family duties consequent to the death of her mother-in-law and is also deeply anxious about her brother's health, but knowing my stay was short she invited me to the White House.

IT is impossible to convey in words the gracious charm and rare spiritual beauty of America's First Lady whom history will undoubtedly acclaim as one of the truly greatest women of any country in any age.

Like all the Americans we've met, the White House domestic staff were friendly and courteous. I was ushered into a restful, dignified, Old-World reception-room with deep rose and cream furnishings, gold candelabras, and occasional tables on which were books and roses.

A Sargent portrait of Theodore Roosevelt hung on one wall.

Almost immediately, Mrs. Roosevelt came in, her first words conveying something of her characteristic endearing friendliness.

She greeted me not as the

wife of the President of the United States of America, but as a woman genuinely glad to see an anticipated and welcome guest.

"I am so happy to meet you, Mrs. Jackson. I have been looking forward to this pleasure since hearing of your arrival, and am so delighted I could arrange to get you here," she said.

### Exchanged ideas

AFTER that conversation flowed naturally, just a stimulating exchange of ideas.

We discussed the war and the post-war world, woman's changing sphere, to-day's splendid youth, and many other subjects.

I was so absorbed I was astonished at the close to find she'd devoted to me well over an hour of her precious time.

No one could talk thus with



AS A GRANDMOTHER. Mrs. Roosevelt with one of her several grandchildren visiting the White House.

Eleanor Roosevelt without becoming deeply convinced that her sheer love of humanity is the guiding star of her life and actions.

More than any other person I've met she radiates the purest goodwill.

Her mobile face expresses every shade of emotion, her lovely serene grey eyes are kindled with a rich sense of humor, but they clouded anxiously when she said, "I have just read the papers on the President's decision to convoy all the way to Britain, and am wondering what the general reaction will be."

"You know Franklin never discusses these affairs with me in advance. These grave times, such an important decision is a heavy responsibility, for the President

hasn't the whole nation agreeing with his 'All aid to Britain' policy.

"A minority of obstructionists and isolationists increase his burdens."

"What of the post-war world?" I asked.

"We first must win the war, then settle many complex problems," she said.

"Who will be wise and patient enough, I wonder, to settle them fairly, making the new world worthy of mankind?"

"Somehow we must achieve lasting peace, for life is not worth while if war comes every twenty years."

Discussing the effects of war on women's sphere, she said: "I think few women will remain in physically hard occupations, for woman's first interest is a home and family.

"Only when economic pressure forces her out does she abdicate.

"Few want an active part in politics, but I am certain that women's votes are greatly influencing politics now. They are feeling their power, and demanding social reforms and a humanitarian legislature.

"After looking at to-day's young women, I think how heavy is their future responsibility, but they are measuring up splendidly."

### "I'll tell Franklin"

MRS. ROOSEVELT was delighted with my assurance of the good behaviour of American sailors on their recent visit and the welcome they got in Australia.

"I'll tell Franklin," she said. "That will make him very happy."

Mrs. Roosevelt was wearing a simple black coat frock with collar and cuffs edged with white, a pearl necklace, and a few fine diamond rings.

Her abundant wavy hair was dressed high.

I asked Mrs. Roosevelt for a message for Australian women, and she said: "Please tell the women of Australia I immensely admire the magnificent work of their soldiers, sailors, and airmen, wonderful fighters of whom they must be very proud. I know something of the war work of Australian women, and think it excellent how solidly they are supporting the men."



# "How about it, Australia?"...

## Poignant appeal in letter to Editor from prisoner of war

In a prison camp in Italy a young Australian soldier, Gunner Vivian Cox, of Sydney, gave up his privilege of writing his first weekly letter as prisoner of war to his family and wrote instead to the Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Tossed in its mail-bag from one army truck to another, into European trains and finally into the dark hold of some ship, the letter one day last week reached its journey's end, on the Editor's desk. It had no stamps, no postmark. Across the back were the heavy black printed words "opened by examiner 6930."

**T**HAT life is not very good in prison camps is what Gunner Cox wants to tell the Australian people.

His letter is not a complaint, it is a plea, a plea made all the more moving by its simplicity and reality. This is what he wrote...

Sulmona, Italy.

Dear Sir.—May I draw your attention to the plight of some hundreds of Australian soldiers now prisoners of war at the above address in Italy.

We have no general complaints as to treatment; in fact, we have been accepted as victims of war with kindness and consideration by both our guards and civilians. However, our food rations are on a definite prisoner of war basis as follows... 6 a.m., black coffee, 11 a.m., light vegetable stew; 5 p.m., macaroni stew. In addition, two brown bread rolls are issued daily if available, otherwise army biscuits.

As a result of this menu day after day, many of the boys are suffering from dysentery, and all feel the need for other food to which we are accustomed if a permanent effect on the health is to be avoided.

Most of us are reconciled to a life of discomfort, and have already discontinued such luxuries as shaving, washing with soap, wearing socks, smoking, etc. Newspapers, wireless, music, womenfolk, a glass of beer, and a thousand and one amenities of even a soldier's life are things of the past and future only.

My own case is typical. I was "picked up" with just what I stood up in. Nearly all my personal gear was lost, as well as my army issue and I arrived here with an empty tin to serve as messing gear.

I am short of a hat, toothbrush or paste, razor, change of clothing, etc., and so are most others.

These "little things" we can cheer-



GUNNER COX with two little Arab boys in Palestine.

fully bear if we can have our food augmented sufficiently to keep up our strength.

Our only hope is from an outside source, and we naturally turn then to our own people. In the weeks we have been prisoners no one has approached to help us, so we have to make our own approach, hopeful that we are not already "forgotten men."



GUNNER VIVIAN COX, prisoner of war, who wrote to The Australian Women's Weekly.

As we have only just been granted the privilege of writing one short letter a week it would take months to notify even one's friends of the situation. Furthermore, some of the boys have no one to turn to who could help.

With these thoughts in mind, I agreed to write in this strain on behalf of all Australians here needing assistance.

From this far-off corner we know that if only requires the publication of this letter to stir some public-minded citizens or organisations to action.

Jam, tea, sweet or unsweetened condensed milk, cheese, chocolate, malt, or any non-perishable food is required very urgently. No parcel is too small to be gratefully acceptable.

There are men here almost ready to sell their soul for a tin of jam or a tin or a stick of chocolate.

How about it, Australia?

E. VIVIAN COX.

The Australian Women's Weekly managed to trace Viv Cox's parents through the Red Cross.

Mrs. Cox's first words were, "Is he well? We haven't heard from Viv since March."

Viv is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Cox, of Marrickville (Sydney).

"He has always been such a regular letter-writer that when his letters came to a stop in March we knew something had happened," said Mrs. Cox.

"He was having a holiday in Melbourne when the war began, and he was among the first batch to enlist," she continued.

"He sailed from Australia in January, 1940, in the first contingent. He was in Palestine and fought in Libya. I think he must have been captured there."

"He loves soldiering, and I know how he must hate it in a prison camp."

"He's just on thirty, and he's tall and dark."

The conversation was momentarily interrupted by the arrival home on leave of Sergeant Eric Cox, the third son. He is in the militia for the duration. On his head was the ever-familiar slouch hat.

"It's Vivian's hat," Sergeant Cox said. "We swapped hats just before he left because his looked too new."

Over Eric's shoulder was a well-worn bag.

"That's Viv's bag, too. He gave it to me also before he left."

Vivian grew up at Albury, where

his father was a schoolteacher. One of the young man's friends was Alexander Mair, the former Premier of N.S.W. Gunner Cox became his secretary and organised Mr. Mair's first electioneering campaign.

"Viv is a wonderful speaker," said Mrs. Cox, pointing with motherly pride to a silver cup on the mantelpiece. "He won that for a debating competition at the Y.M.C.A."

"He was a car salesman before the war and did very well."

### Got parcels

"I AM sure that it is at least three or four months since this letter was posted, and by now the latest arrivals at the



SERGEANT ERIC COX, on leave, greeted by his sister, Beryl. He is wearing his captured brother's hat.



MRS. R. E. COX, his mother, and sister, Miss Beryl Cox, read the letter which was the first Gunner Cox wrote as a prisoner of war.



MR. R. E. COX reading his son's letter at his business office, where it was shown him by a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly.

camp, including Gunner Cox, have received Red Cross parcels," said the honorary director of N.S.W. Red Cross Bureau for Wounded, Missing and Prisoners of War, when he was shown the letter.

"Each prisoner of war is supposed to receive a parcel of clothing as soon as he arrives in his final prison camp, and no doubt the young man and his fellow-Australians have now been issued with that initial clothing parcel, as well as food parcels," he added.

"We have had definite proof that many parcels are being received by prisoners in this camp, which is probably the largest in Italy. From what we hear the captors are being most scrupulous about delivering the parcels."

The food parcels contain sixteen ounces each of whole milk powder, butter, jam, pilot biscuits, 8 ounces each of salmon, dried apples, prunes, sugar, eating chocolate, 12 ounces of corned beef, 10 ounces of pork luncheon meat, 4 ounces of cheese, 4 ounces of sardines or kippers, tea, salt and pepper, soap, and seven vitamin tablets.

As the journey by sea from Australia to Marseilles is so hazardous the Australian Red Cross cables money to the Canadian and British Red Cross for the parcels.

It is costing the Red Cross £1 a week for each prisoner, and it is estimated that the prisoner of war bill will be more than £300,000 a year.

The Red Cross has launched a "Prisoner of War Adoption Scheme."

For £1 a week a person or patriotic organisation can adopt a prisoner. As well as the Red Cross parcel a "personal" package may be sent from the prisoner's family. This parcel may weigh only 11lbs, and has to be repacked by the Red Cross Society and must not contain any food except slab chocolate.

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PREPARATIONS



# DESERT BATTLE FOR SUEZ LOOMS AGAIN



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**MAGNIFICENT AERIAL VIEW** of the Suez Canal with Port Said on right, and Port Fuad on left. Through canal pass vital supplies to Middle East armies. British, Australian, New Zealand, South African and Polish units in Empire's Middle East Army have been reinforced recently with men and equipment.



# Sydney girl is secretary to Mr. Duff Cooper



SYDNEY GIRL, Mrs. Brook McVilly, formerly Joan Lees, of Manly, who is secretary to Mr. Duff Cooper, in Singapore. —Clarice Boyce photo.

SKYLINE behind Singapore Harbor.

## Chauffeur drives her daily to Govt. House, Singapore

By BETTY NESBIT

A titian-haired Sydney girl, Mrs. Brook McVilly, of Manly, has been chosen as private secretary to the British Minister in the Far East (Mr. Duff Cooper), who is in Singapore on special work for the British War Cabinet.

It is the kind of secretarial job that every stenographer dreams of. Each day she is driven to and from Government House, where Mr. Cooper has his temporary office, in a huge black car with a chauffeur in a scarlet-and-white uniform!

And her "boss" is one of Britain's ablest youthful politicians.

"A TRIFLE brusque" is how his new secretary described him in a letter to a Sydney friend, "but his dictation is easy to take down."

"Mr. Cooper has three assistants," wrote Mrs. McVilly. "Mr. Denis Allen, who came from the British Embassy at Chungking, is one. He and his wife had a bad time, lost most of their possessions in the air raids. Both are charming."

"Then there is Mr. Keswick, former chairman of the Shanghai Municipal Council, who was shot at by a Japanese in Shanghai in January."

"The third man in the team is Mr. Newbould, formerly Under-Secretary for the Federated Malay States Government."

Mr. Duff Cooper will visit Australia in a few weeks' time at the invitation of the Commonwealth Government.

His wife, who is with him in Singapore, is one of London's beauties, the former Lady Diana Manners.

Mrs. McVilly has been living in Malaya for just over a year. As Joan Lees, of Manly, she left Sydney in July, 1940, for Singapore, to be married to a young Melbourne engineer, Mr. Brook McVilly.

He is in the Survey Department of the Malayan Government.

After her marriage she went to live at Kuala Trengganu, on the north-east coast of the long Malayan Peninsula, and joined its small European community.

She took up voluntary work at the British Residency, which was short staffed by the departure of the young men to the war.

For several hours every day she did clerical work there under the direction of the Administrator, Mr. de Mowbray.

Life at Trengganu was a peaceful existence with its round of golf, swimming at the lovely palm-fringed beaches, and tennis.

Its routine was broken occasionally by long trips into the jungle, on which Mrs. McVilly used to accompany her husband.

With the other English residents they were often guests at dinners and receptions given by the Sultan of Trengganu at his palace.

Then came the threat of war, Japan moved into Indo-China, troops were rumored to be massing on the Thailand border.

Owing to the political situation European women in north Malaya were advised to leave.

Mrs. McVilly immediately wrote to the Colonial Secretary in Singapore saying that she would like to keep herself occupied while in Singapore and she would be interested to hear of any positions.

Before making plans to leave for Singapore Mrs. McVilly went to Fraser's Hill, a southern hill station, as holiday resorts are called in the tropics.

While she was there she had a telegram from Singapore offering her the position as secretary to Mr. Duff Cooper. The Administrator at Trengganu gave an excellent recommendation of her secretarial work to the Colonial Secretary.

On her journey south to Singapore in the train familiarly known as "The Slow and Dirty," Mrs. McVilly saw the countryside swarming with troops, of which the most noticeable were the tall Sikhs in khaki, wearing turbans and fierce beards.

In her spare time Mrs. McVilly does voluntary work at the new Anzac Club for the Australians.

"The Club provides about the only entertainment for the Aussies in Singapore," wrote Mrs. McVilly.

"It's a jolly place; cream walls, green shutters, and is well furnished with cane chairs."

"There are billiard and ping-pong tables and a reading-room."

"Mrs. Howell, wife of the Chief Justice, runs the buffet." For a few cents the men can buy sausages, mashed potatoes, fried eggs, and apple and cream. Only soft drinks can be bought.

Mrs. McVilly, who is in her early twenties, has travelled a great deal and has lived in England and France. She speaks French fluently.

Government House, where Mr. Cooper has his office until he secures a house, is on the outskirts of the city.

It is a large white building set in an expanse of green lawns and shady tropical trees. It is built in the generous Colonial type of architecture.

An old Etonian, Mr. Duff Cooper will be remembered as the man who resigned from the British Cabinet when he was First Lord of the Admiralty because he would not countenance the British policy of appeasement in the 1938 Munich crisis.

From 1934 to 1937 he was the Secretary for War. Since the war began he has been Minister for Information. In 1940 he made a lecture tour of America.



MR. DUFF COOPER (right), with his wife, Lady Diana, and son, Julius, at a New York airport, on their way east. Julius came down from Canada, where he is staying for safety, to meet them.

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MRS. BROOK MCVILLY on a picnic near her former home at Kuala Trengganu in north Malaya.



# Three A.I.F. nurses return as war brides



MRS. J. A. CRAIG, formerly Staff Nurse Torbett.



MRS. HARRY SUNDSTROM, formerly Sister Ethene Swanson.



MRS. SYDNEY WALLACE, formerly Sister Stanmore.

## Husbands return to front line after war-zone weddings

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

Wedding bells have rung home three A.I.F. nurses from the Middle East. Each has married a soldier and the same ship brought home the romantic trio of war brides.

After months of peril and hard work carrying out their task alongside the troops of the A.I.F., they now join the ranks of soldiers' wives at home who must wait until the war is over to see their husbands again.

**T**HE three war brides are: Mrs. J. A. Craig, formerly Staff Nurse Isabel Anne Torbett, third daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. G. M. Torbett, of Kiama, N.S.W., who was married in Jerusalem on June 10 to Pte. John Alex Craig, son of Mr. and Mrs. David A. Craig, of Darling Point, Sydney.

Mrs. H. G. Sundstrom, formerly Sister Ethene Doris Swanson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Swanson, of Casino, who was married on June 23 at Gaza, Palestine, to Capt. Harry G. Sundstrom, son of the late Mr. C. G. Sundstrom and Mrs. Sundstrom, of Ashfield.

Mrs. Sydney Wallace, formerly Sister Rose Stanmore, daughter of the late Mr. M. Stanmore and Mrs. M. Stanmore, of Holbrook, who was married in Tidworth, England, on September 14 last year to Gunner Sydney Wallace, son of the late Mr. Sydney Wallace and Mrs. Wallace, of Moss Vale.

Pretty, brown-eyed Mrs. Craig is the first Australian nurse who went through the Greek campaign to return to Australia.

She and Pte. Craig, a member of the same C.C.S., were unofficially engaged before they went overseas just after Christmas.

As Staff Nurse Isabel Torbett, she was one of eight nurses chosen, because of their casualty ward experience, to staff an advance Casu-



PTE. J. A. CRAIG, who married Staff Nurse Isabel Torbett in Jerusalem.



CAPTAIN HARRY G. SUNDSTROM, who was married to Sister Ethene Swanson at Gaza.

ality Clearing Station. She trained at Marrickville District Hospital.

The C.C.S. went to Larissa by train, then by motor truck to Ellinika, at the foot of Mt. Olympus, about 20 miles behind the front line, the only Australian medical unit between the front line and Athens.

"When instructions came to go back to Athens my fiancé and I said good-bye," said Mrs. Craig.

"We nurses went back 75 miles to Fusolia, where there was a New Zealand casualty station.

"In Athens we helped at the English hospital. I did not know where my fiancé was, but once or twice an ambulance came in bringing a message for me that he was all right.

"All our unit got out of Greece except the nurses' batman, Pte.

Wright, who was a Digger in the last war. He was a great friend of ours, and we were very sorry to lose him. He is now a prisoner.

"I was in Crete four days relieving at the English hospital again.

"Shortly after arriving there my fiancé arrived and found me.

"When I was to catch the little Greek ship that took the nurses away from Crete we said good-bye again.

"He was there three weeks, and when the rest of our casualty station got out of Crete my fiancé insisted that we must be married, and I must come home.

"Before we went to Greece I had seen the little Presbyterian church of St. Andrews in Jerusalem, and said if it was possible that was where I should like to be married after the war.



GUNNER SYDNEY WALLACE and his bride, formerly Sister Rose Stanmore, leaving the English church after their wedding.



SNAPSHOT taken by the bridegroom at the Craig-Torbett wedding. Left to right: Capt. Conkey, Sergeant Don Pilcher, Rev. McGilbray (who officiated), Sister Theima Lloyd, Sister Nellie Luke, and the bride.

"So we were married at St. Andrews on June 10. There were six of us in the wedding party.

"We had to have a civil marriage as well at the District Commissioner's office.

"Then we had a week's lovely seaside holiday at Gaza before my husband went back to camp."

Having said good-bye to her twice before they were married, Private Craig was unable to see his wife off when she left for Australia.

He obtained special leave, but arrived just too late to say good-bye when her ship sailed.

### Met at Ingleburn

**F**AIR-HAired little Sister Rose Stanmore, of the 1st Australian General Hospital, met Gunner Wallace at Ingleburn camp.

They called in different ships, but in the same convoy to England.

They were married at the little parish church in Tidworth, Wiltshire, on September 14, and kept their marriage a secret from everyone except a few friends who attended the ceremony.

After a brief leave, Mrs. Wallace went back on duty at the A.G.H. in Surrey, and her husband went back to camp.

They left England in the same convoy, but again in different ships.

Gunner Wallace went to Greece and Crete, and his wife did not see him for six months, during which she was on the staff of the A.G.H. in Palestine.

"After that long separation, my husband persuaded me to come home because he was worried about my working in the war zone," said Mrs. Wallace.

"I had two long letters from him last week for our first wedding anniversary, and I sent him a special anniversary cable."

She trained at Young District hospital, and was on the staff of Queen Alexandra Hospital in Hobart, Tasmania, when she enlisted.

Sister Ethene Doris Swanson—"Swanee" as she was affectionately known in her hospital circles—is back in Casino.

She returned home as Mrs. Sund-

strom, wife of Captain Harry G. Sundstrom.

Their marriage was celebrated with military honors at Gaza, in Palestine, on June 23 last.

"We had thought to have just a quiet wedding," she told The Australian Women's Weekly representative. "But the hospital staff and the soldiers would not have it that way."

Sister Swanson gained her training at Glen Innes District Hospital, and was engaged in private nursing in Sydney when she enlisted for war service abroad.

She left Australia in January of last year with the first batch of Australian nurses to go abroad on military service.

She met her husband overseas.

"Almost immediately upon landing in the Middle East," said Mrs. Sundstrom, "we nurses were detailed to the 1st Australian General Hospital at Gaza, with 54 nurses on the staff."

"We were under canvas for twelve months, but now they have a building with thirty wards and a staff of nearly 100 nurses."

### "True Aussies"

**"MATRON FALL** has been in charge throughout. The boys think she is grand, and the girls know that she is simply marvellous. Her staff are a very jolly lot who pull together, and all work hard.

"The boys were all true Aussies in taking things as they found them in hospital. They were simply grand."

Captain and Mrs. Sundstrom went through their wedding ceremony twice—first in the office of the District Commissioner, and later in the mess-room, which had been transformed into a chapel for the occasion. At this second ceremony an old friend of the bride, Padre Manny, formerly of Casino, officiated.

After the ceremony the mess-room became the reception-room, and Matron Fall entertained over 200 guests, and the cake was cut amidst ringing cheers.

Colonel Steigard and Matron Fall took upon themselves the roles of "Dad" and "Mum."



# An Editorial

OCTOBER 4, 1941

## LITTLE FIRES IN EUROPE



NOT a day goes by without news from Europe showing that in every country Hitler has overrun there are still men and women from whom the love of freedom can't be beaten out by a Nazi cudgel.

These are the stout-hearted defenders of liberty who, despite Gestapo, firing-squads, concentration camps, and the callous brutality of their oppressors, still have the courage to find some way to strike a blow for their ideals. And what courage it must take to do that!

When Hitler holds a country in his power its people have no rights, no voice, no protectors.

They can fight Hitler's bullies only by holding their own lives cheaply, by facing death or worse for any move they make.

That the people of Yugoslavia can find enough men so brave as this to form a guerrilla army is amazing.

That the magnificent Greeks, who fought so gallantly and suffered so bitterly, are still hiding Anzac and British troops is in keeping with their finest traditions.

That a Greek general has banded together the remnants of his own and Anzac armies in Crete is an epic of modern bravery.

That in Norway and Holland, in France and Belgium, Nazi troops are kept busy trying to quell the free spirit of revolt that works against them is an inspiration.

While such courage exists Hitler cannot gain a final victory.

These little fires in Europe are fuelled by all that is best and bravest in the human spirit.

By their light we can clearly see the ultimate defeat of the enemy.

—THE EDITOR.

# Letters from our Boys

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Corporal A. Hempel to his grandmother, Mrs. G. Smith, Albury, N.S.W. Corporal Hempel has since died of wounds.

"I SUPPOSE you heard I was reported missing for over a month. But I am safely back with my unit now, and am in action again.

"One morning we were all standing behind our guns when the Germans came over and attacked us.

"Their aeroplanes bombed and shelled us all day and night. The noise was terrific.

"After the guns had stopped firing, their tanks came over, not one but hundreds of them. We were machine-gunned all next day, then they brought up their flame-throwers to our dug-outs.

"The heat was unbearable, and we were nearly choked with the smoke from smoke bombs.

"In the end we had to surrender to them or be suffocated.

"So I was taken prisoner and sent back behind the German lines to work with a lot of others on a big aerodrome.

"They worked us very hard loading bombs on to their aeroplanes to bomb our own boys.

"The food was terrible—in the morning a cup of black coffee with no milk or sugar; for dinner, if we were lucky, a cup of watery stew and a bit of hard bread. Tea would be the same. We had no blankets and huddled together to keep warm at night.

"After 31 days I decided to try to escape to our own lines, 130 miles away.

"I asked my cobbler to come with me, and he did not seem to like the idea, so I found another mate of mine, and we both made up our minds to give it a go.

"We knew that if we were caught we would be shot.

"At nine p.m., on June 2, we broke out of camp, and set out to walk 130 miles to our own lines.

"We kept along by the sea, and only travelled at night.

"Tucker and water were the main trouble. We would sneak up to the German trucks at night, rat the boxes if there was any food in them, and drain the water out of the radiators.

"After nine days and nine nights we walked into our own lines, footsore and hungry.

"The greatest moment of my life was to see the Aussies again.

"I will not bother to tell you how many times we were nearly caught.

"My poor old cobbler is still back in the prison camp. I bet he often wonders if I ever got back, or whether I was shot trying.

"Nearly all my mates have been killed or taken prisoners by the Germans. But, never mind, they are not having it all their own way here.

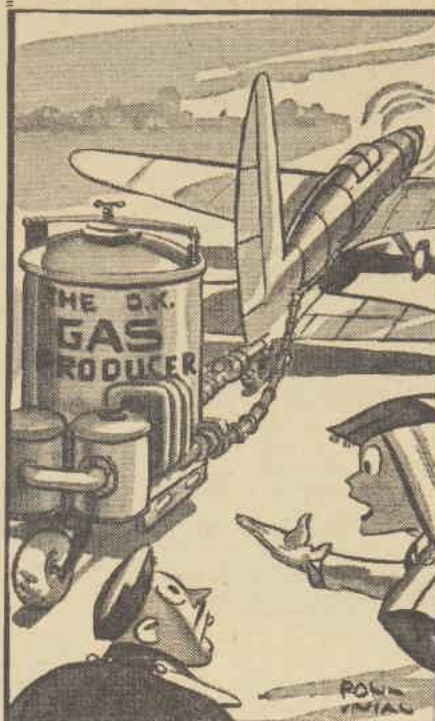
"All the way up to the front are little mounds with a cross on them, and a tin hat.

"It kinds of gets you down when you pass by them and know that it is one of your coppers lying there.

"Let's talk about something else. How is old Albury going?

"At present I would love a feed of the lettuce-salad you used to make me when I was home."

## Winnie the War Winner



"But think of the petrol you'll save!"

Private L. N. Wheeler, A.G.H., Darwin, to a friend in Sydney:

"THE gramophone you sent is greatly appreciated by the boys here.

"I had it in the hospital wards for a while, but the boys begged me to bring it back. It is a rare treat. As far as I know, there is only one other in the camp, and it is in the nurses' quarters.

"We have a wireless in the ward and one in the Red Cross Hut.

"If you could make an appeal for gramophones or wireless sets for the camps here you would be doing a good job, as a little music helps a great deal."

Letter from an Arab to Army Headquarters in Gaza, sent to Miss Noela McIntosh, Lily St., Bendigo, Vic., by her father:

"TO the Leader of the Army in Gaza. My Sir,

"I am Mostaba Abed Elhrokman Saleh, from Deir Sundeld Village, District Gaza, and I buy a donkey with three pound, and when my girl drove the donkey brought it from the farmer when she coming in the road.

"The bus to the army, his number is (-1469-53) my donkey past at this moment at front of him in the thought of the road and he drove the motor bus on my donkey and killed him and dead when my girl do not run he was killed her also and now I'm a very poor man and no have money to brought another donkey.

"I thank to give me a price of my donkey and assist me and good-by."

A sapper in Syria to his wife in Launceston, Tas.:

"DURING our stay in Palestine we were extended hospitality by a colony of Jews.

"A number of Jews from all parts of Europe club together to form these colonies and pooling all their cash they start a large farm.

"They live on the farm in separate small houses, but eat together in one large building, the womenfolk taking it in turn to do the cooking and waiting at table.

"They are a happy big family and enjoy themselves to the utmost.

"There was singing and dancing and they did everything to make us feel at home.

"The following afternoon the people from another of these colonies brought us a large can of fresh milk, a large can of hot chocolate, a box of hot doughnuts, a box of assorted biscuits, a couple of large rounds of cake, and a case of grapes.

"We thoroughly enjoyed them, and the hospitality of the donors is something we'll remember for a long time.

"Since coming into Syria the children have attached themselves to us. They look upon themselves as our batmen—wash up our eating utensils, clean our boots, and perform many other duties.

"They even go so far as presenting us with small bouquets."

Private N. Brady in Malaya to his mother in Elgin St., Gunnedah, N.S.W.:

"I WENT to a rubber estate for the weekend, and it was wonderful.

"The manager, Mr. Warin, treated us like kings. He is an Englishman. His wife and two children are in Australia until things quieten down here.

"The feather-bed was something to write home about. I slept-in on Sunday morning until about 9 o'clock.

"The food was the best. He took us all over the estate of 1700 acres, and told us all about the rubber, which was very interesting.

"Then he took us to a pottery factory and I had a go at making a jar. But it did not turn out the way I wanted it to. You should have heard the natives laughing at me trying to make that jar.

"Then we saw the world's largest open cut tin mine.

"It is about eight hundred feet deep, and about a mile around it, so you can see it's a big hole. There are thousands working in it day and night."

A padre in the Middle East to 10-year-old Kay Richards, 11 Mears St. Mysterion Estate, Townsville, Qld. whose father, Captain Richards, is also in the Middle East:

"I AM now living in a dug-out on the side of a hill—no nice trees or flowers like there are in Townsville.

"There are not many birds. Sometimes when the cannons are roaring, a little skylark flies up hundreds of feet in the air, and when the explosions cease for a minute we can hear his voice trilling in a happy sweet song.

We had a pet mouse here which we called Egbert. He used to let us stroke and feed him, but alas, he has disappeared."

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP





# At 85 she picks laurels for her hero grandson

Pioneer spirit inherited by Digges, D.F.C.



PILOT-OFFICER CHARLES RICHARDSON DIGGES, winner of the first D.F.C. awarded to an officer trained under the Empire Air Training Scheme.

"I can't believe my little Richie is grown into a hero," said Mrs. E. Digges, the 85-year-old grandmother of Pilot-Officer Charles Richardson Digges, first airman trained under the Empire Air Training Scheme to receive the D.F.C.

Digges, D.F.C., is still "Richie" to this grand old lady whom he calls "Nan." As soon as she heard the news of his decoration she went out in the garden to look for laurel leaves to surround his portrait which stands on her mantelpiece.

"HE'S a hero, and he deserves laurel leaves. I couldn't get those, so I picked the nicest leaves I could find," she said.

"It doesn't seem long ago to me that he was just a child telling me that one day he would have an aeroplane of his own. Ever since he was tiny he wanted to fly. I'm glad he got his wings," she said.

The determination and courage that made Pilot-Officer Digges a top-ranking flier are inherited from his grandmother, a woman of the pioneer days.

Pilot-Officer Digges, who is 24, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Digges, of Coonamble, and he left Australia for Canada a year ago.

## Big family

HE was decorated for making a gallant and dangerous attack on an enemy tanker off the coast of Belgium.

The young airman is the eldest of Mrs. Digges' grandsons. She has 26 grandchildren and six great-grandchildren. The sixth was born a week ago, the son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Quinlan, of Merrygoon.

Born Elizabeth Sullivan in 1856 at Dubbo, she married at 22, and with her husband went to take up a property, Mungrahby, at Mendooran.

They lived there until some years ago, when they made their home at Coonamble near their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Digges, and their son, Pilot-Officer Digges.

Only a year ago she and her husband decided to give up their life on the land and came to make a new home in Sydney.

A month ago she faced the first big tragedy of her life. Her husband died suddenly.

"I only wish he had lived to know of Richie's bravery," she said sadly.

From the age of 85 she looks back on a life that reads like one of those family-saga novels. And she looks back with the serene philosophy that age has cultivated.

Her early life was not an easy one, for living in the country in those pioneer days was arduous for any woman, and only those with real spirit and courage stood up to it.

"All our travelling was done in buggies or bullock-drays or on horseback," said Mrs. Digges.

"Why, I was nearly forty before I even saw a train, and that was at Dubbo when the rail-head finally reached there.

"But I must say our life was just as happy without all these modern improvements," she continued.

"My nine children were born at Mungrahby, and that is where they all grew up."

Those nine children are all living, most of them carrying on the family tradition of farming.

"We used to send all our wool and produce to Wallerawang, which was the city as far as we were concerned," said Mrs. Digges.

## Flood perils

"SYDNEY we thought of as thousands of miles away, and anyone wanting to go there had to go by horseback or in a buggy, a journey that took weeks."

One of Mrs. Digges' most vivid recollections is of a flood many years ago when the Castlereagh overflowed.

"We paddled around the front parlor up to our knees in water for a week. It was nothing to see the saucepans on top of the piano, which was the highest level in the room. "Finally, we had to move out to the town until the waters subsided. It was exciting while it lasted, believe me."

Mrs. Digges also remembers the time when the natives who were working on a neighboring property, just 20 miles away, went berserk and murdered their employers.

"The case was called the 'Bree-long murder' for that was the name of the property where the murder was committed. It caused a great stir in those days."

Mrs. Digges, who is sprightly in spite of her age, has never had a serious illness in her life, and has never been in a hospital.

She is living at Chatswood with her sister, Miss Bab Sullivan, and granddaughter, Beth Loudon, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Loudon, of Warren.



MRS. ELIZABETH DIGGES, 85-year-old grandmother of "Richie" Digges, D.F.C.



A LUX PRODUCT

Cut down ladders with LUX

U.S.A.



MRS. DAN S. DIGGES, of Coonamble, mother of Pilot-Officer Digges, D.F.C.

## AT THE BEAUTY COUNTER:

IN MY JOB I MUST HAVE A CLEAR, ATTRACTIVE SKIN — SO I USE REXONA.

Those who have had experience with all kinds of beauty care know that Rexona brings natural loveliness through perfect skin health. Rexona's special compound of medications, Cadyl, gently draws out impurities from the pores where all skin troubles start. Rexona corrects a blemished skin and makes a clear skin smoother and lovelier.



Whenever blemishes persist, use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. They form a sure treatment which soothes away irritation, heals the tissues and leaves the skin clear.

## TREATMENT

Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear a little Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.



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is more than a beauty soap, it's a Complete Skin Treatment

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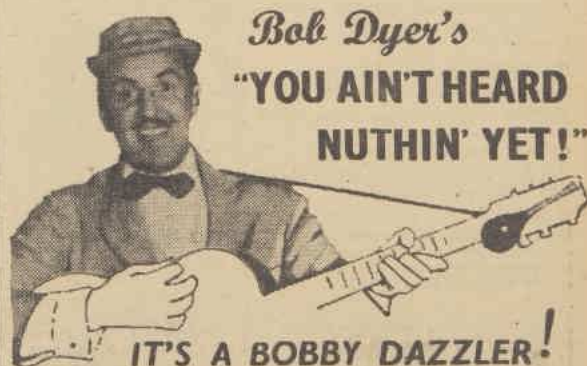
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"It's fun you'll like," says Bob Dyer—and that's putting it mildly. There's more fun packed into this brand new half hour of music, laughter and song than you can imagine. Laughing Bob Dyer, Kitty Bluett, Al Thomas, Smiling Billie Binkhorn and a crackerjack orchestra—it's toos!

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9.15 p.m. WED.



"SOME people do,"

Marny said, her lovely mouth curved in mutiny.

Mrs. Ford had blue eyes like her daughter. There was still the shine of youth in them, but they were the wise eyes of maturity now; deep blue wells of wisdom and kindness. They were very beautiful now in their tenderness as they were fixed on the young girl.

"Show me what you bought," she said.

Marny moved restlessly, then said with febrile gaiety: "A bit of nonsense for a hat, and some camiknickers. And Louis gave me a present of this bottle of perfume. Smell it." She put the glass stopper to Mrs. Ford's nostrils.

"Lovely," her mother said. "It was kind of him."

Marny was nervously unwrapping her parcels.

"This is what I thought for the hat . . . like this."

She pinned a gay bunch of flowers above her wide brow. The package wrappings fell to the floor, and Mrs. Ford automatically gathered and folded them ready for the special wastepaper bin. When she straightened from her stooping, Marny had tied expert bows and was regarding herself, head on one side, in a distant mirror.

"Do you like it?" she said to her mother.

"It's a pretty contraption, but would you call it a hat?" Mrs. Ford said, doubtfully. There was a little silence, and sun shafted through the window, irradiating the slim girlish form.

Suddenly Marny was crying. She said passionately: "You think I'd look better in a tin hat or one of those farm-girl things Eleanor wears. You think I'm awful because I still want pretty things and . . ." Crying choked her.

Mrs. Ford sat down on the nearest chair, feeling suddenly helpless and middle-aged in the face of this young woe.

At last she said soberly, "I don't blame you at all, Marny. You think we all criticise you. But you're wrong. I wouldn't care what you did, if it helped you. If a flower in your hair makes you feel happier, stronger, than a farm girl's hat, I'd get you all the flowers in the shops. If shutting your mind to the war and going on having a good time had helped you, I'd have been glad. But it hasn't helped you. You're unhappy, you're more afraid than any of us."

"Marny, you'll have to pull your weight. This isn't like the early months. For your own sake you must come in with the rest of us. You can't stand outside. Not now."

Marny's fit of weeping had passed. There was silence in the room again. Then she said abruptly, "I can stand

outside . . . from a safe distance. And I have the chance of that."

Mrs. Ford opened her mouth to reply, but there was the sound of footsteps in the corridor, and the mother warned, "We'll talk later. This must be Theo."

Theo it was, aged fifteen, in her school tunic, and tenderly carrying her basket of peas, since the first gathering was less a contribution to the meal than a pride, a joy and an exhibit. But the sight of her eldest sister held Theo rooted on the threshold. She said rudely, "You do look a fright. Is that supposed to be a hat?"

Marny did not reply, and the child continued, "Miss Mears says that all the fashion magazines telling women to buy silly fripperies as usual is only pandering to them, and that the soldiers on leave don't really like it. She says a soldier would rather see the women all dressed in sensible clothes. Miss Mears says it's the little things that count, and that's where we girls . . ."

Marny interrupted her. "You're a prig, Theo. Mother, I'll change and come straight down. What time's dinner?"

"Seven sharp. Your father's been put on an earlier patrol. Wally went round to tell Tom."

"Well, that's something anyway. Father creeping about from midnight till dawn is the most absurd thing I've ever heard of. It's absurd anyway. As if an old gentleman and a schoolboy marching round the golf course are going to stop the Germans. I . . ."

The sight of her mother's face stopped her and she muttered, "I'm sorry, mummy."

She hurried from the room and upstairs, pursued by Theo's shrill treble, "Well of all the things to say, when daddy's been so wonderful . . ."

It was a pity, Marny reflected, that Theo had not been sent to the country to Aunt Miriam as had her small brother, Freddy, but Freddy had been considered enough. Wally, indeed, had said that Aunt Miriam would never survive Freddy, that in years to come they would look back on her as a victim of the war as heroic as any in the front line . . .

In the sanctuary of her own room Marny was usually able to shut out the harsh new world which she so bitterly resented. Here were still soft tones, flowers and silks, cut-glass bottles, powder jars and cushions; gay dolls, silly dolls, a great woolly toy dog which had survived from her childhood.

She sat down in the chintz-covered armchair and began slowly to unbutton her frock. There were

twenty tiny buttons down the back; the frock, as had several others in her cupboard, had come cheaply from Elise's bankrupt stock.

"I'll have a maid, if I marry Louis," she thought.

She jerked on the tiny buttons, and one came off and rolled across the carpet. Well, she liked Louis. She liked him better than anyone she knew. He was so kind. Not casual. He wrapped her round with kindness and love. He only wanted to give her everything she desired. He would give her a better room than this.

Oh, Louis could give her rooms, and houses and a safe world.

She stood up jerkily, letting her frock slither round her slim legs, and suddenly she was frowning, looking round her room, feeling indeed a strange passion, almost anger, rising in her breast.

Whatever Louis might give her, this room was different. This was her own. She had made it. It was home. And now it seemed intolerable that it should be menaced; that anyone should dare to threaten its destruction; that anyone should chase her out of it, send her hurtling across the seas to strange, cold ready-made rooms which Louis would present to her.

Then the moment passed, and, a little listless, she went searching for a house gown, telling herself this was rank foolishness. If all she wanted was a room exactly like this, Louis would get it for her, down to the last detail; and it would never be threatened.

When she was dressed she stood adjusting a brown flower, relic of an evening gown, which matched the belt of her dress, and suddenly she was assailed by the queer feeling one has, that all this had happened before. So she had stood, tumbling with this flower, a year ago—or was it a lifetime ago?—and considering that she would have to leave this room behind her if she married Bill.

THEN she had considered further—her dreaming eyes ceasing to see the face in the mirror and her trembling fingers hovering, pulling at the brown flower—that to create such another room, piece by piece, because Bill would not have much money, would be even more delightful than the creation of one for herself alone. There had been little excuse for that leap into a misted, shining future. Bill had kissed her goodbye as he had on other occasions. But that night he had not left her so quickly. He had said, with eyes very bright and steady, and looking into her face which was framed in his hands, "Some day soon you and I are going to be very important to each other."

But before that had happened hatreds more important than anybody's love had crashed on them and whirled them about. Bill, in the Territorials, had been called up at once, and their farewell had been—her mouth curved down in bitter amusement now, remembering—much the same as Agnes'. But she had been the one to say, if not exactly "Abyssinia," something as cold and as light, a weapon striking at Bill to defend herself.

Marny jerked the brown flower from her shoulder and threw it on her table. Then fleetly, as if her feet could take her away from a memory, she went downstairs to the kitchen. She was glad that Theo refused to let anyone smell the peas and had planted herself at the kitchen table, because the announcement to her mother that she was going to marry Louis and go almost immediately to America had become suddenly more difficult to make.

Her relief deepened when Wally and Tom came in and the kitchen was so crowded that even thought on her own problem had to be abandoned. Her mother set her to cutting the sandwiches which Tom and her father would take on the patrol, and young Tom Bowler sat beside her.

For the first time Marny felt oddly gentle toward young Tom, who was always hungry. Lean, gangling young Tom Bowler, on guard. Talking about cricket to elderly Mr. Ford in the watches of the night while they waited for strange things to menace from the silent darkness. And when occasion offered Mr. Ford would say, "How about something to eat, Tom?" And the sandwiches would be brought out.

Marny suddenly laughed, beautiful, gay and tender, into the eyes of the boy.

Continued from page 3

"An army marches on its stomach, Tom," she said.

Mrs. Ford said, "I often wonder if a woman made that remark. It's been a great help to women."

She shut the oven door, and the appetising smell of roasting meat hung on the air; then the telephone rang, and she went, wiping floury hands, to answer it.

When she returned she did not look at Marny but said casually, "Mrs. Andrews wants us to go round. I said we would."

Marny turned her head quickly, "Mother, I'm terribly tired. I thought—"

"Dear, I wish you tired; you've made an excuse every time she asks us. I know it's a little dull for you, but she's feeling hurt at your having refused all her invitations."

Wally said, "I should think so. You haunted the place when Bill was there, and there was always something doing. And now you treat the old girl as if she has the plague. And I say, mother, I heard . . ."

Mrs. Ford frowned, and her son fell silent, shrugging his shoulders.

Marny said in a high voice, "Agnes seems to be sticking to bed and aspirin for the night, so I'll do the table. If you think Mrs. Andrews is hurt, I'll go, of course."

As soon as Marny heard the babble of voices from the Andrews' living-room she knew what had happened, and, eyes dark with accusation in a suddenly pale face, she turned to her mother. But there was no time to say anything, or do anything. Mrs. Andrews came, excited as a girl, to greet them, hands outstretched to Marny and her mother, as if, that night, her ample arms would embrace the whole world.

"Isn't this a surprise? Isn't it? And just like Bill. He never tells me when he is coming. And he just walked in this afternoon, like the day he came back from Brazil. Of course we knew he was safe . . ."

Bill didn't jump to his feet the moment they walked in, though he saw them instantly. Marny got the impression that his eyes had been fixed on the doorway for a long time, waiting to hold hers, as soon as she entered.

For a moment she felt weak from emotional disturbance, then recovered herself and managed to smile. She greeted a number of people suitably and at last found herself next to Bill, who was standing now, very tall—he was so thin, perhaps that was why he seemed taller than she had remembered him to be—bending a bright steady gaze on her, while he searched with one hand in his pocket for his cigarette case.

broke the silence.

"Hullo, Marny."

"Hullo, Bill." Marny's mouth

felt dry. "It's good to see you."

His smile was exactly the same as it had always been. Slightly crooked, so gay. Some essence of his indomitable being was in Bill's smile. It had always been one of the things which dragged at Marny's heart, one of the things hardest to blot out when on moon-washed nights—she had lied to Louis—she had lain awake fighting memories which assaulted the fortress of her bed.

Her heart set up a thumping which seemed deafening, the sound overcoming all other sound. With wide frightened eyes she stared at Bill's down-bent head. He was flicking furiously at a shining silver lighter.

"This gadget is hot," he said. "But crime doesn't pay. Damn the thing! There . . ."

The little flame lit up her frightened eyes, and suddenly Bill took her hand, hard, twisting it.

"Come on, girl," he said harshly. Blindly led, she went with him.

The quiet when they were alone, in some curtained dimness, seemed no less quiet to her, because minutes ago the voices of the people around had ceased to register on her ears. For a long time after he had kissed her Bill did not speak. He held her tightly in thin hard arms, his hand hovering, trembling about her hair.

At last he said: "I had rehearsed this very differently. As a matter of fact, I was going to give you the dickens at first. You behaved very badly when I left."

"I didn't want to be hurt."

"And you hurt yourself worse."

"Yes," Marny said. "Why didn't you write?"

"I did." Bill patted a bulge in his pocket. "Letters to Marny. They're a bit damp. I'll deliver one each day—in person, with your morning tea on our honeymoon. Are you going to marry me now, or still humbug alone?"

"I'll marry you," Marny said. "I wasn't going to, I was going to marry a friend of mine and go to America."

"Why?" Bill said.

Marny lay against his heart. She laughed softly, close to his dear face. "I don't know why," she said. "It seems a silly idea now. It just seemed a safer thing to do at the time."

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Inner Cleanliness  
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THIS popular and refreshing health drink gives you deep-down Inner Cleanliness.

**FIRST** . . . Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.

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**FINALLY** . . . To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making poisons, and thoroughly corrects Constipation.

Take tonic sparkling Andrews regularly. Andrews settles the stomach, cools the blood and gives your skin a natural healthy radiance. Andrews is ideal for every member of the family, including the children. Get your supply to-day.



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MAKES SKIN SMOOTH  
AND SWEET ALL OVER

**LUX TOILET SOAP**  
costs so little . . . lasts so long

A LEVER PRODUCT

LT. 2.22.





**GENERAL MANAGER:** Your salary will be £3 a week to start and £4 when six months have passed.

**TYPIST:** Well, I'll come back in six months.



**"Do you think a man should keep anything from his wife?"**

**"Definitely—sufficient for lunch and bus fares at least."**



**"Pardon me, I can't hear a word that's being said."**  
**"Well, it's none of your business what I say to my husband."**



**"If I have a difference with my husband and I am right he gives in immediately."**

**"And if he is right?"**

**"Oh, that hasn't happened yet."**

**MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead**



**"I don't care whether he remembers me or not, I never saw him before."**



## Playing golf with only HALF a swing?

Are you only half on your game?  
Driving half the ball you used to?  
Missing half your putts?  
Needing half a stroke to win a match?  
How you need a tonic!

Kruschen Salts will brace you up. Kruschen takes the staleness out of your system and out of your game. Kruschen cleanses your blood and clears your eye. Kruschen gives your liver a new lease of life and your shots a new zip. The salts in Kruschen are absorbed into your bloodstream and give you new vigour. Kruschen will put more yards on to your drive than a new club.

# KRUSCHEN

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Kruschen does not form a habit, so there is never need to increase the dose—as much as will cover a sixpence; tasteless in tea; almost tasteless in hot water. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at chemists and stores.

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## INVESTORS!

### Don't wait INVEST IN THE NEXT WAR LOAN NOW!

We cannot win this war without money—and still more money. If you have funds available for investment, then take advantage of the Commonwealth Government's offer to accept subscriptions for the next war loan now, with interest payable from the date of investment. Full details and conditions are shown on the application forms obtainable from any bank or stockbroker.



## BRAINWAVES

• A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

**PRIVATE JONES** had had twenty shots at the rifle range, and all had missed the target.

"What are you doing?" yelled the sergeant. "What's the explanation of this disgraceful performance?"

"I don't know, Sergeant!" replied Jones. "They're leaving this end all right."

**"MR. JONES,"** he stammered, "I—er—will—er—what I want is to ask you for your daughter's hand."

The old man frowned as he took his pipe from his mouth. "Can't do that," he growled. "You must take the whole girl or nothing."

**THE policeman's son** was learning music. "How many beats to a bar in this piece of music, dad?"

"Fancy asking a policeman a question like that," said the boy's mother. "If you had asked your father how many bars to the beat he'd have been able to tell you!"

**DOCTOR** (after examining patient): I don't like the look of your husband, Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Smith: Neither do I, doctor, but he's very good to our children.

**"HOW long have you been working here?"** asked the new clerk. "Since they threatened me with the sack," replied the old employee.





## HANSEN'S ICE CREAM MIX

—for making ICE CREAM at home **HALF PRICE!**

**You can always have Ice Cream ready**

when you make it at home in your Automatic Refrigerator! Milk, cream and Hansen's Ice Cream Mix—3 minutes mixing—an hour or so to freeze—and you have a dish of delicious Ice Cream you can eat at once, or in a week. At about half the ordinary price, you can afford to serve family, your children, your guests, plenty of delicious, nourishing home-made Ice Cream.



### Thrilling New Ice Cream Dishes.

With every packet of Hansen's Ice Cream Mix you get suggestions for exciting new ways to make Ice Cream with nuts, cherries, strawberries, marshmallows. Your usual grocer has Hansen's Ice Cream Mix in 3 flavors—Vanilla, Strawberry, Chocolate. Get a packet to-day and make Ice Cream at home—half price!



## Pimples and Bad Skin Fought in 24 Hours



Since the discovery of Nixoderm by an American physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from ugly, disgusting and disfiguring skin blemishes such as Eczema, Pimples, Rash, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Acne, Blackheads, Scabies and Red Itches. Don't let a bad skin make you feel inferior and cause you to lose your friends. Clear your skin this new scientific way, and don't let a bad skin make people think you are diseased.

### A New Discovery

Nixoderm is an ointment, but different from any ointment you have ever seen or felt. It is a new discovery, and is not greasy but feels almost like a powder when you apply it. It penetrates rapidly into the pores and fights the cause of surface skin blemishes. Nixoderm contains 9 ingredients which fight skin troubles in three ways. 1. It fights and kills the microbes or bacteria often responsible for skin disorders. 2. It stops itching, burning and smarting in 7 to 10 minutes, and cools and soothes the skin. 3. It helps nature heal the skin clear, soft and velvety smooth.

### Works Fast

Because Nixoderm is scientifically compounded to fight skin troubles, it works faster than anything you have seen in your life before. It stops the itching, burning and smarting in a few minutes, then starts to work immediately, clearing and healing your

### Satisfaction Guaranteed

Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. Look in the mirror in the morning and you will be amazed at the improvement. Then just keep on using Nixoderm for one week and at the end of that time it must have made your skin soft, clear, smooth and magnetically attractive—must give you the kind of skin that will make you admired wherever you go, or you simply return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Get Nixoderm from your Chemist or store to-day. The guarantee protects you.

### Nixoderm NOW 2/1

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

## PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

### ★★ MANHUNT

(Week's Best Release)

Walter Pidgeon, Joan Bennett.

(20th Century-Fox.)  
HERE is a tensely exciting melodrama that will keep you on the edge of your seat right from the start.

The plot deals with the pursuit by the Nazis of an English big-game hunter (Walter Pidgeon)—who, in the mountains opposite Berchtesgaden, failed to bag the biggest game of all. Pidgeon flees from Hitler's guards, but is followed to England by Nazi agents George Sanders and John Carradine.

Watch for the terrific fight in the London underground—a really thrilling episode; and for Pidgeon's final duel with Sanders.

Walter Pidgeon will soar right up to the top after this one. John Carradine, menacing, mysterious, and George Sanders, the relentless, humorless Nazi to the life, are fine.

But the surprise of the film is Joan Bennett as the little Cockney who befriends Pidgeon in his escape from Sanders. She hasn't done anything so good in a long, long time.—Plaza; showing.

### ★ VIRGINIA

Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray.

(Paramount.)  
VIRGINIANS may have appreciated all the sentimental talk that goes on in this modern romantic comedy about cleaving to the old ideals and traditions of Virginia. Me, I was ever so slightly bored.

The story teams Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray again—in technicolor.

A faintly coy Madeleine is the southern-born, New York reared girl who returns dead broke to Virginia to sell the old homestead. A subdued MacMurray is the penniless, die-hard local inhabitant. Newcomer Stirling Hayden is the wealthy Yankee outsider.

Plot deals first with the southernising of Madeleine. That accomplished, the film just goes on and on until Madeleine gets the right man—when the audience breathed a sigh of relief.

Bright spots in the film are: that

adorable child, Carolyn Lee, who comes out with the most embarrassing remarks; Madeleine's golden beauty; the easy acting of Hayden. The color is soft and natural, and some of the outdoor scenes, including a hunt with red-coated riders, are enchanting. Prince Edward—showing.

### ★ LADY SCARFACE

Judith Anderson, Dennis O'Keefe. (RKO.)

IT is certainly surprising to find an actress of the calibre of Judith Anderson (who scored a brilliant hit as the housekeeper in "Rebecca") in such a shoddy, implausible gangster melodrama.

Film almost entirely lacks suspense, provides little action, and the story is developed through an incredible series of coincidences.

Judith Anderson as the "Lady Scarface," head of a murderous gang of crooks, gives a fine, sustained portrayal—her work is much better than the role deserves. To a lesser degree, the same may be said of Dennis O'Keefe, as the detective on her trail, and of Frances Neal as the persistent magazine photographer who follows him around.—Haymarket-Civic; showing.



SONJA HENIE and husband Dan Topping dine at Ciro's nightclub in Hollywood.

## Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent  
★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

### ★ NIGHT OF JANUARY 16th

Robert Preston, Ellen Drew. (Paramount.)

AS a complete change from his familiar outdoor action roles, Robert Preston is the hero of this mildly entertaining murder thriller.

When wealthy business men Nils Asther is murdered, his pretty secretary, Ellen Drew, is chief suspect. At first believing her guilty, then convinced of her innocence, enterprising young Robert Preston, with Ellen, sets out to find the real culprit.

The story takes the pair from New York to Havana—and there's a climax that might surprise you.

Preston gives a robust portrayal; Asther makes an impressive "come-back" to the screen. Less posturing from the ever self-conscious Ellen would have been appreciated.—Cameo and Capitol; showing.

### Shows Still Running

★★★ Fantasia. Walt Disney feature. Brilliant, controversial, new entertainment.—Embassy; 7th week.

★★ Major Barbara. Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison in superbly-acted Shaw satire.—Century; 4th week.

★★ The Ziegfeld Girl. Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner in attractive musical.—Liberty; 8th week.

★★ Little Nellie Kelly. Judy Garland, George Murphy in charming musical romance.—St. James; 3rd week.

★★ The Devil and Miss Jones. Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn in delightful comedy.—Mayfair; 2nd week.

★★ The Great American Broadcast. Alice Faye, Jack Oakie in genial musical.—Regent; 2nd week.

★ Flame of New Orleans. Marlene Dietrich, Bruce Cabot in diverting period romance.—State; 2nd week.

## Here's hot news from all the studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York and BARBARA BOURCHIER in Hollywood

ERROL FLYNN came to blows with newspaper writer Jimmie Fidler in a Hollywood nightclub last week—to the vast entertainment of fellow-diners.

Lupe Velez, Mexican tornado, brandishing a sauce bottle, cried: "Geeve eet to heem, big boy."

But Marlene Dietrich, who fractured her ankle a few weeks ago when saving a baby from falling, was alarmed. "Get me out of here," she called. "They'll break my leg again."

Flynn and Fidler quarrelled over the latter's testimony at the Senate inquiry into the film industry.

Fidler declared that the film industry disliked him because he always said what he thought. As soon as Flynn met him in the nightclub he said: "You are no good. You told the Senate one lie too many."

Both contestants are consulting their lawyers.

"SILENT" star Bessie Love is a production assistant for films in London.

DAVID NIVEN will have the role of Jim Mollison in "The Life of Amy Johnson," which is being filmed in England. Anna Neagle, who plays Amy Johnson, flew from Hollywood a few weeks ago with British director Herbert Wilcox to make this film.

Leslie Howard will play the inventor of the Spitfire plane in another film which is being made in England by Sam Goldwyn. This is the biography of R. J. Mitchell, and it will be called "Spitfire."

WARNERS would like to do the biography of George Bernard Shaw, and Monty Woolley, of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," would be the man to impersonate the Irish wit.

Warners are going to cable Shaw, asking if he will sell the rights to the story of his life.

ELISABETH BERGNER will star in "Paris Calling" at Universal. Her husband, Paul Czinner, will direct, and Randolph Scott will be the leading man.

DEANNA DURBIN is ill with a badly-inflamed throat.

No sooner was it discovered that she had left the set of "It Started With Adam" than rumors began to fly about an expected visit from the stork.

The studio doctor, however, says definitely that it is a case of laryngitis.

ANOTHER series of pictures involving the struggles of a doctor is announced by Paramount under the title of "Dr. Broadway." It is said to be not at all like the "Dr. Kildare" series of MGM, but it is hoped that "Dr. Broadway" will make as much money.

AS a gesture of patriotic Paul-ette Goddard informed the Hollywood public that she would kiss the man who brought the most aluminum pots and pans to Paramount studios. The pots and pans are to be turned over to the Government in connection with the nationwide drive to collect the metal to make planes.

HOLLYWOOD'S Dead-End Kids are sending a dinner-party to London. Hearing that a group of twelve youngsters in London have named themselves after their Hollywood prototypes, the American Kids are sending tinned and bottled goods, enough to serve a banquet to the twelve, by the next boat. The London "Dead-End Kids" are a fire-fighting group who are doing courageous work.

RITA HAYWORTH may be seen dancing the fandango with her 62-year-old grandfather, Padre Canaleo — if Columbia studios can arrange it. It was Canaleo, who started the famous dancing family, of which Rita is a member, on his way to fame.

MICKEY ROONEY has a new crush. The girl is Eva Gardner, a South Carolina beauty. She is much taller than Mickey.

AMERICAN film stars Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, her husband, who have been in England since war broke out, are back in New York.

THE British film of the R.A.F., "Target for To-Night," in which the leading actors all participated in actual air raids over Germany, is finished and is to be released throughout the United States, Canada, South America, and Australia very soon.

DENNIS MORGAN, who made such a hit as Ginger Rogers' sweetheart in "Kitty Foyle," is to have a singing role in "Carnival in Rio." He is currently working in "Captains of the Clouds," in which he has a dramatic part.





● Co-starring to-day with Greer Garson in "When Ladies Meet," Joan Crawford is seen at left on the set of her latest completed film, "A Woman's Face."

★ Above: Greer Garson with Walter Pidgeon, who appears with her in the MGM technicolor drama, "Blossoms in the Dust," a drama of child welfare.

## JOAN and GREER offer contrasts in personality

**W**ANDERING on to the set of "When Ladies Meet," I saw a fiery-red head and a nut-brown one close together.

They belonged to Joan Crawford and Greer Garson, co-stars of the film, who were engaged in a most animated conversation.

"When Ladies Meet" is a remake of the hit film made by Robert Montgomery, Ann Harding, Myrna Loy, and Frank Morgan eight years ago.

Joan has the Myrna role, Greer the part Ann Harding played, while Robert Taylor and Herbert Marshall are the 1941 heroes. It's a sophisticated, glamorous comedy, a complete change for Greer, who has just finished the story of the philanthropic Mrs. Edna Gladney, and for Joan, whose latest role is that of a blackmailer in "A Woman's Face."

Thrown together by common movie fortune, Joan and Greer have become fast friends in the past few weeks.

Yet two greater contrasts in character, personality, and background I have yet to meet. Big-eyed, thirty-six-year-old

Joan, self-educated, self-made Cinderella, ideal of American girlhood for years, whose every move for the past sixteen years has been watched and recorded for avid fans, is a typical Hollywood product.

Restless, intense, filled with the desire for self-improvement, Joan has a feverish energy.

On the other hand, serenity is the keynote to Greer Garson's character. Irish born, University educated, a girl to whom things have usually come easily, Greer has poise and grace which

the children, and has bought up practically every book on child psychology on the market.

Greer is the reserved type. She lives to herself, is reticent, even enigmatic.

She lives with her mother in an English cottage surrounded by a typical English garden.

Unlike Joan, who is so used to being followed by fans and photographers wherever she goes that she takes it all as a matter of course, Greer resents publicity very bitterly.

When recently she divorced her husband, Alex Snelson, British officer serving in India, she refused to talk either to friends or the Press.

Although she doesn't care for the noisy type of party, Greer does attend night-clubs and war benefits—usually with one man, Benny Thau, MGM executive.

Is it a romance? Greer refuses to talk.

Both stars, however, have some things in common. They share an interest in culture and the arts, acquired by Joan after she won success, always a part of Greer.

And each has a keen ambition to do well in her screen career.

By JOAN McLEOD in Hollywood

make her one of the most charming, restful women in Hollywood. Joan's is a warm, tender-hearted nature which craves affection.

Having adopted a three-months-old girl, Christina, last year, Joan, in New York a few weeks ago, adopted a three-months-old boy, Christopher, as companion to Christina.

In characteristic, open-handed, enthusiastic fashion, Joan has built an elaborate nursery onto her Brentwood home, employs a trained nurse to look after





# Happy Anniversary



● His wife, once actress Olive Golden, helps Harry to serve the barbecued meat at the feast.

**H**ARRY CAREY'S 33rd anniversary in films was celebrated at the ranch party pictured here. Oldest actor, in point of service, still playing leading roles, he stars in "Shepherd of the Hills."



● Greetings from fellow old-timers (left to right): Fred Kelsey, Jane Novak, Mary Charleston, Carey, and Fritz Ridgeway.



● His latest leading lady, Betty Field of "Shepherd of the Hills," fastens the handsome gold gift watch presented to Carey.

● Gathered in the grounds of the Sougus Ranch home, which he built in 1916, the crowd of some 400 well-wishers hear Corey's thanks for their many tributes.



● Academy Award-winning director John Ford (left) tells former film star Mae Marsh how he and Carey once made twenty Western pictures together. Carey, now 63 years old, was "silent" cowboy hero.



● Former favorite William Farnum, carrying a load of steak, pork and beans, gasps at the size of the salad which Claire Windsor intends to eat. Blonde Claire was popular heroine before sound.

Lucille Ball  
R.K.O. STAR



**V**IVACIOUS and irresistible Lucille Ball, R.K.O. Star and lovely women in every land have learned their beauty secret from **MAX FACTOR** ★ **HOLLYWOOD.**

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PURSE-SIZE ROUGE SAMPLER AND LIPSTICK  
PALETTE. I ENCLOSE SIXPENCE IN STAMPS TO  
COVER POSTAGE AND HANDLING. ALSO SEND  
ME MY COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP CHART  
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BOOK, "THE NEW ART OF SOCIETY  
MAKE-UP," BY MAX FACTOR. **FREE**

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PRESENTS



Clever contrasts of fabric are a KAYSER feature. This Nightgown of shining Kay-Gleam is banded in dull crepe-de-chene. One of dozens of enchanting inexpensive bed-time styles.

*A Spring Fashion*

FROM THE **KAYSER** STUDIO OF STYLE

Definitely I'm a ONE BRAND woman now... I insist on KAYSER



# Swing into Spring in "BRITISH CHIEF"

BRITISH CHIEF, the wonderful sun-and-tub-fast fabric bursts into a hundred blossoms of gay colors, and fascinating new patterns. "British Chief" has an exclusive "Easy Launder" finish that makes it simple to wash and easy to iron. Ideal for house frocks, overalls, smocks, aprons, kiddies' frocks, and rompers—all the bright, hard-working washables you need! 36 inches wide. Plain colors 2/9 a yard. Printed designs 2/11 a yard. "British Chief" is fully "Guaranteed." Should any piece fail to give satisfaction it will be replaced or the purchase price refunded.

The Brilliant Choice is "British Chief" . . .  
the Cloth that Serves with the Colours



# Awaiting the passport to freedom



**1 LACK** of United States entry permit traps Rumanian Georges (Boyer) in border town.



**2 ACCIDENTALLY MEETING** old flame Anita (Paulette Goddard), Georges hears she entered the States by marrying, then divorcing an American.



**3 DETERMINED TO COPY** Anita's scheme, Georges scrapes acquaintance with visiting American teacher Emmy (Olivia de Havilland), and delays her by wrecking car.



**4 HOTEL** where Georges lives, owned by Bonbois (Curt Bois, centre), is examined by U.S. Inspector Hammock (Walter Abel), sent to investigate border's marriage racket.



**5 ALTHOUGH SUCCESSFUL** in wedding Emmy, Georges is so alarmed by the inspector's suspicions that he postpones his plan of crossing the American border, then deserting his bride. Instead, he takes her to rural Mexico on platonic honeymoon.

**75% of a Severe Type of Illness  
in people over 35—**

*is caused by*

**HARSH PURGATIVES!**



If you've started that dangerous habit of taking harsh laxatives, break yourself of it right away—before real damage is done. There's a natural way to get well . . . by correcting the cause of your constipation.

**Your system needs "bulk"**

Most irregularity is due to lack of "bulk" in the diet. Our daily staples, white bread, milk, potatoes, meat, fish and eggs, contain almost no "bulk" at all—certainly not enough to make your bowels function normally. And we never eat sufficient of the natural "bulk" foods—raw fruit and vegetables. That's why doctors recommend Kellogg's All-Bran—a crisp, nut-sweet breakfast food.

**Here's concentrated "bulk"**

All-Bran gives you concentrated "bulk". It acts in the same way as fruit and vegetable "bulk", but more surely, much more thoroughly. As it passes into the bowels it forms a soft mass, which absorbs water and softens like a sponge. Those delicate intestinal muscles are gently massaged, and natural peristaltic action is restored.

**Regular again, in a week!**

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning—with milk and sugar. Or sprinkled over your usual breakfast cereal. Do this regularly every morning (drink plenty of fluids between meals), and within a week you'll be well again. Start to-morrow morning, getting yourself back to normal this safe, natural way.



**6 GUESSING GEORGES'** growing affection for his wife, jealous Anita lingers in border town to reveal whole conspiracy to Emmy.



**7 FLEEING BACK** alone into the States, heartbroken Emmy has an accident and is hurried to Californian hospital, but immigration laws keep Georges in Mexico.

**Paramount tells  
an unusual story**

PARAMOUNT'S unusual picture, "Hold Back the Dawn," features the drama in the lives of the world's little-known homeless. Their hope is residence in the United States. Until their quota number comes up they may not legally enter the country. They wait, some of them for years, in Mexican border towns, longing for the day when they can step across the border into democratic life. In "Hold Back the Dawn," adapted from an American best-seller by Ketti Frings, the principal characters are played by Charles Boyer, Olivia de Havilland, Paulette Goddard, and Walter Abel.



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# Cupid keeps busy

NEW FLIRTATION FOR GARBO,  
WEDDING SOON FOR MISCHA

By CHRISTINE WEBB, in Hollywood

IN the past few weeks I've counted more dewy-eyed young things, more corsages of orchids, more tables reserved for two in this town's exclusive restaurants than I have in a long, long time.

Romance in its many phases is flourishing in Hollywood.

Enjoying a happy flirtation are Greta Garbo and Bob Aiton, the good-looking chorus director, who came from Broadway to teach the star to rumba in her new film, "Anna and Anita."

Her boy friend, the dietitian, Gaylord Hauser, is away on a lecture tour, and Garbo is spending all her spare time dancing with Bob.

The dazzled young man now declares that his famous pupil can rumba as well as any professional. Popular George Montgomery and Ginger Rogers are another couple who are just finding out they have a good deal in common, and getting an enormous amount of fun out of their new friendship.

And it may lead to a real romance. George has been stepping out lately here and there with glamorous girls of widely different types—socialite Gloria Vanderbilt, the sophisticated Carole Landis, demure Ann Rutherford, dignified Greer Garson—but now it's Ginger all the time.

## Hayden's dilemma

ON the other hand, handsome Stirling Hayden is in a quandary. He seems unable to make up his mind as to whether he prefers blondes or brunettes.

Seen about with Kay Aldridge, a sparkling, dark-haired lass, who is in "Navy Blues," and was formerly a photographer's model, Stirling is out even more often in the company of Madeleine Carroll, who shares his enthusiasm for boating.

It's budding romance for lanky nineteen-year-old Freddie Bartholomew and pretty Gloria Lloyd, sub-deb daughter of Harold Lloyd.

Freddie is making his onslaught on Gloria's heart along strictly orthodox lines. He calls for her in his chauffeur-driven car, sends along flowers for the evening beforehand.

Then you have love in its more serious forms.

When a young man begins to write poetry to his adored, things are looking pretty ominous.

Youthful Buddy Pepper has reached this stage in his affection for Jane Withers, but he's serenading her with a song of his own composition—written for her alone. It's entitled, "I Declare."

Quite a number of young things have arrived at that most exciting time of their lives—preparing for the wedding.

## Wedding plans

AMONG these is the attractive Joyce Hunter, who announced her engagement to comedian Mischa Auer a few months ago. They're making plans to marry as soon as Mischa's divorce from his first wife is made final.

Another hand-holding pair, Pat Dane and director Cedric Gibbons, ex-husband of Dolores del Rio, have told their friends that they will marry before the end of the year.

Juveniles Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper are the centre of much excitement and congratulations at the moment—they've just become engaged.

Bubbling over with happiness is Priscilla Lane, who will marry writer John Barry as soon as she finishes her current film, "New Orleans Blues."

Priscilla was heartbroken when she thought she would have to postpone the wedding until after her thirty-five-year-old fiancé had completed his compulsory military training. But a law has just been passed which exempts men of John's age.

Then there are all those long-term romances which might culminate in marriage any day.

Thirty-three-year-old Dolores del Rio is still seen everywhere with twenty-five-year-old Orson Welles.

The Barbara Hutton-Cary Grant romance goes on. Both Cary and Miss Hutton refuse to give interviews, or even allow themselves to be photographed together, but in spite of their dislike of publicity they are seen dancing and dining frequently at Hollywood's famous spots.

Ann Sheridan and George Brent vehemently deny any engagement exists between them, but after more than a year they're still dream-eyed about each other.

And George Raft positively showers gifts on Betty Grable—from mink coats to racehorses. Even more significant, he is renewing his efforts to get his divorce from his wife, who has steadily refused it for years.



• Mischa Auer clowns with fiancée Joyce Hunter at Ciro's. Dark-eyed Joyce, one of the prettiest girls of filmdom's younger set, has played small roles, but will give up her career when she marries.

*Tommyrot!*

IT'S YOUR OWN  
FAULT IF HUGH  
DOESN'T TAKE  
YOU OUT!



GWEN: "I never have any fun! My feet simply kill me! And Hugh won't even take me to the movies. At least I could sit down and be comfortable there."

MRS. WILSON: "Bosh! There's plenty of time to sit when you're old. You and I are going right down to get some Selby Arch Preserver shoes. They'll make you feel young and happy."



GWEN: "Whee! I had no idea such pretty shoes could be so comfortable too! Why haven't I bought Selby Arch Preservers before? I'm taking two pairs."

SALESGIRL: "You couldn't choose better, Madam. The patented comfort features make your feet feel years younger. And look at the smart styles you can choose from."



- (A) ANNIS  
Sophisticated step-in 65/-
- (B) MILLAND  
Smart eyelet-tie . . . 75/-
- (C) VENETIAN  
U-throat tie . . . . . 65/-
- (D) MIRACLE  
Svelte gusset court . . 75/-
- (E) LAVONA  
Smart gore shoe . . . 55/-
- (F) FRANCIS  
Snappy tie shoe . . . 65/-



MRS. WILSON: "What! Out again to-night?"

HUGH: "Bet your sweet life! She's running me ragged! But if this is all a dream, just don't wake me up!"

GWEN: "No dream, darling! Just my grand Selby Arch Preserver shoes! My feet feel like dancing till three o'clock in the morning."

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# Saucy little cardigan to wear now

**M**ATERIALS: 5oz. of super fingering 3-ply, 1oz. in a contrasting shade, also 1 pair each of No. 11 and No. 9 knitting needles, 7 buttons, and 8 press-studs.

Tension: 7 sts. to 1 inch in width and 9 rows to 1 inch in depth on No. 9 needles.

Measurements: Width all round underarms when fastened, 34 inches, but owing to the elasticity of knitting will fit up to a 35-inch bust size. Length from lower edge to underarm, 13 inches, and to back neck (including neck ribbing), 21 inches. The sleeve is 5 inches down the underarm.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; sts., stitches; inc., increase; tog., together; st-st., stocking-stitch; g-st., garter-stitch; rep., repeat.

## THE BACK

With No. 11 needles and main color wool cast on 100 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 ribbing for 4ins.

Next Row: \* Rib 8, take 2 tog.; rep. from \* to end of row (90 sts.). Change to No. 9 needles and st-st. (which is 1 row k, 1 row p alternately, the k rows being right side), but inc. 1 st. at both ends of every 6th row (by working twice into first and last st.), until there are 114 sts. Then proceed without further shaping until back measures 13ins. from start.

Shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at beg. of each of next 2 rows, then cast off 3 sts. at beginning of

every row until sts. number 86. Continue without further shaping until back measures 19ins. from start. Shape shoulders by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next 8 rows. Leave remaining 38 sts. on a stitch-holder.

## THE LEFT FRONT

With No. 11 needles and main shade of wool, cast on 54 sts.

1st Row: K 1, p 1 alternately to last 2 sts., then k 2 for g-st. border at front edge.

2nd Row: K 2 for g-st. border, then k 1, p 1 alternately to end of row.

Rep. these 2 rows until front measures 4ins., ending with a 2nd row.

\*\* Change to No. 9 needles and st-st., but keeping the 2 border sts. at front edge in g-st., as before, and inc. 1 st. at side edge in every 6th row, until there are 66 sts. Then continue without further inc. until front measures 13ins. from start, ending at side edge. Shape armhole by casting off 6 sts. at beginning of next row, and 2 sts. at beginning of each of next 4 rows that start from armhole end, when 52 sts. will remain. Then proceed without further shaping until front measures 17ins., ending at front edge. Shape neck by casting off 12 sts. at beginning of next row, then take 2

● An attractive jumper-cum-cardigan to put you in that spring-is-here mood. It is easy to knit and looks very festive when scattered with tiny hand-embroidered flowers in gay colors.

tog. at neck edge in every row until 24 sts. remain. Front should now measure 19ins. from start, measured straight up work, but if it is short, work a row or two straight. Then cast off 6 sts. at beginning of each of next 3 rows that start from armhole end. Work 1 more row; cast off.\*\*

## THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 11 needles and main colored wool, cast on 54 sts.

1st Row: K 2 for g-st. border, then p 1, k 1 alternately to end of row.

2nd Row: P 1, k 1 alternately to last 2 sts., k 2 for border.

Continue to repeat these 2 rows, but when work measures 1in., ending at front edge, make a buttonhole in next 2 rows thus:

1st Buttonhole Row: Work as usual over 3 sts., cast off the next 2 sts., work as usual to end of row.

2nd Buttonhole Row: Work as usual, but cast on 2 sts. over those cast off.

Work a further 2in., ending at front edge, and again repeat the 2 buttonhole rows. Then continue as before until front measures 4in., ending at front edge.

Now work as from \*\* to \*\* of left front, but at same time make a further 5 buttonholes, first to be made in 13th and 14th rows worked in st-st., and remaining 4 at equal intervals with 22 rows between. (The last buttonhole should have been finished a few rows before you start neck shaping.)

## THE SLEEVES (both alike)

With No. 11 needles and main colored wool cast on 72 sts. and

work in k 1, p 1 ribbing for 1in.

Change to No. 9 needles and st-st., but inc. 1 st. at both ends of every 4th row until sts. number 86. Then continue without shaping until sleeve measures 5ins. Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then take 2 tog. at beginning of every row until 60 sts. remain, then take 2 tog. at both ends of every row until sts. are reduced to 36. Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of the next 2 rows. Work 10 rows over remaining sts.; cast off.

## THE NECK RIBBING

First join shoulder seams. Now with right side of work towards you, and starting at centre edge of right front, pick up 44 sts. round neck edge of right front with a No. 11 needle; then on to this same needle slip 38 sts. of back neck, then with point of same needle pick up 44 sts. round neck edge of left front (126 sts. in all). Using both No. 11 needles, work rows of k 1, p 1 ribbing for 1in., cast off loosely.

## TO COMPLETE GARMENT

Press, avoiding ribbed sections.



EVEN though the warmer weather is here, you are going to find this cardigan invaluable. If you're in a patriotic mood, try embroidering it with V's.

Join side edges of extended section at top of each sleeve to edges at each side where 10 sts. were cast off, so forming 2 "darts"; then sew sleeves into armholes. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew buttons to right front, and between button fastenings sew press-studs. Embroider st-st. sections of jumper with flowers in contrasting wool as shown in diagram. Work them in straight lines, 1in. apart, and with 1in. between rows, placing flowers in alternate positions in every row.

## LADY CAROLYN HOWARD is in the Transport Service

—but though working day and night, she keeps her skin glorious with Pond's two creams.



### QUESTION TO LADY CAROLYN HOWARD:

How long have you been using Pond's two creams, Lady Howard?

### ANSWER:

I started using them long before the war, and was really amazed at their splendid effect on my skin. They have done more for my skin than elaborate beauty treatments. They made it much softer and finer. I'm simply thrilled at the result.

Lady Carolyn Howard is the daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, and is one of the loveliest of the many young society women engaged in war work. Before the war her chief interest was in the theatre. Now she is a motor driver in the A.T.S.

The World's loveliest women follow this simple Pond's method. It can bring your skin new loveliness.

For thorough skin cleansing, use Pond's Cold Cream every night and morning and during the day whenever you change your make-up. Pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream

removes every bit of dust and stale make-up . . . keeps your skin flawlessly lovely. Then use Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder base and skin softener. This delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, and protects your skin from the roughening effects of sun and wind. Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream last thing at night before bed.



Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/2 tubes, 1/4 jars and generous 2 1/2 jars containing approximately 3 1/2 times as much. (Inc. Sales Tax.)

**FREE!** Mail this Coupon today with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc. (see face of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream). You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glow-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.

RACHEL ☐ ROSE ☐ SUNTAN ☐  
LIGHT CREAM ☐ NATURAL ☐ LIGHT NATURAL ☐  
POND'S DEPT. (X-61), Box 1111, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.  
NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

## DAINTY SUMMER SET

THIS sweet frock with matching bloomers is obtainable at our Needlework Department, traced for working on linora in pastel shades of white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The frock features a scalloped front panel and buttons from neck to hem. The small yoke is finished with an attractive floral motif, to be worked in shades of tone.

The bloomers are designed with small waistband, and fullness let in at each side, and the elastic only at the back.

Size 2 to 4 years: Frock only, 3/3, plus 3d. postage. Bloomers only, 2/3, plus 2d. postage, or the complete set 5/-, plus 3d. postage.

Size 4 to 6 years: Frock only, 3/11, plus 3d. postage. Bloomers only, 2/8, plus 2d. postage, or complete set 6/3, plus 3d. postage.

A paper pattern of the design may be obtained also for the price of 1/6 complete set. No transfer.

## Pretty poke bonnet

THIS becoming poke bonnet may be teamed up with design No. 130 to make the complete outfit. It may be obtained separately from our Needlework Department, traced on linora in the same shades as No. 131. The front edge of the bonnet is daintily scalloped and finished with a floral motif. The back is adjustable, which makes it simple to launder. Made in sizes 2 to 4 years and 4 to 6 years, it is priced: Bonnet, 2/3, plus 2d. postage. A paper pattern of the design is also available for the price of 1/1.

No. 131. A very fetching little bonnet to protect young faces from the glaring summer sun.



No. 130. Every mother will want this delightful set for her small daughter because it is smart and dainty and so easy to launder.

## Attractive tea-towels

THESE smart tea-towels are traced on the best quality pure linen, all ready traced with "Christmas Bell," "Wattle," and "Flannel Flower" designs. The linen is cream with colorful borders of blue, green, and orange. Each towel is 24in. x 38in., and is supplied with a hemstitched hem each end. They are numbered 1, 2, and 3, and we advise quoting numbers when ordering.

They are priced at 3/3 each, or the set of three for 9/3. Postage on 1 towel is 2d., and on complete set 6d. extra.

PURE LINEN tea-towels that will wear like iron and are traced in gay designs featuring Australian bush flowers.

### SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O., Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O., Melbourne: Box 185C, G.P.O., Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O., Perth: Box 481G, G.P.O., Sydney: Box 4688W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh St., Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.



# FASHION PORTFOLIO

October 4, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

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## Planning an ECONOMY WARDROBE



●FOR EVENING—select a basic frock with slender flowing skirt and slim-fitting decolletage of royal-blue suede crepe highlighted with a spray of red roses. Ring in changes with a red shirt-waist blouse scattered with white daisies or a tailored jacket in green sheer wool with huge pockets and a white boutonniere.

●FOR TOWN—a brisk little frock of emerald-green sheer wool can be changed to an ensemble by the addition of a pert matching jacket. Team the jacket too with an odd plaid skirt and a fetching yellow weskit-blouse.

●FOR SPORTS—squander a large slice of your dress budget on a pair of elegant red angora slacks and boyish blue linen shorts, stunningly tailored, and economise by wearing them with your versatile blouses.



## GLAMOR GOWNS . . . for dancing and dining



● Diamante doves flutter on the bouffant skirt of this gown of dove-white silk marquisette. The halter-held decolletage is cleverly draped, and the long white suede gloves formalise the gown.



● Two dinner gowns based on the exotic Oriental theme. The lass standing wears a tunic frock of purple crepe. Her friend tops a lime-green jersey skirt with a royal-blue and gold blouse.

● Sensational frock of white silk net, with billowy skirt and unusual off-one-shoulder decolletage. The elegant peacock design is done in rhinestones and crystals.



● A simple style in mousseline-de-soie achieves unexpected drama by the unusual flame-like merging of the black and white. A black velvet sash encircles the waist.







## Suited for Summer

Inspired in New York, these important little suits are cited for fashion favorites because they are young and charming and immensely flattering.

Sketches  
by  
PETROV

● 1. Slim suit with skirt and the back of the jacket in coarse navy silk and the jacket front striped in deep pink and white, with stripes carefully cut to match impeccably.

● 2. Blithely young suit tailored in lucerne-green silk linen over-checked in white and daffodil-yellow. Touches of white pique at the neckline and on the pockets give a crisp freshness.

● 3. Rose-salmon sheer wool made with pointed shirt collar fastened with a big stone brooch. Its main fashion features are the yoke and big pockets—the yoke buttoning on to the pockets.

● 4. Softly feminine suit of black silk crepe, with drop shoulder, full bishop sleeves, and skirt full in the front. White pique jabot and revers give a summery touch.

## UP-TO-THE-MINUTE FROCKS

By ALISON SETTLE in London

● Graceful dinner-gowns are making a welcome reappearance in London . . . not the bouffant, frothy creations of pre-war days, but elegant styles superbly cut and featuring exciting details.



● Black crepe sweeping from neck to hem in one moulded, fluid line. The rucked sleeves and gold necklet are the only garnishings. By Cresta.

● One of Cresta's loveliest styles is this gown folded into soft pleats. It is made in the new silk-and-wool mixture fabric. (Right.)



FLOOR-LENGTH dinner-dresses are sweeping in again, especially for home entertaining.

Cresta, realising the need for very simple yet becoming dinner-gowns, has created a tremendous range of them in the current collection. Mauves and deep blues are favorite colors, while a new wool-and-silk mixture is among the most popular fabrics.

This material, in a lovely deep Michaelmas-daisy mauve, gives us the pictured model with its skirt front of unpressed pleats—unusual in a floor-length gown—and V neck gathered into a plain corselette waistline.

It is belted at natural waist level with a self-material and gold ring belt.

Black is ever popular dinner-wear. The model pictured is of thick black crepe with a beautifully moulded waistline and a skirt softly flared from the hips. The plain round neck is relieved from severity by the few gathers below it and the beautiful gold coin necklace worn with it. Rucked-up sleeves are becoming and fussily feminine.

A passion for making two ensembles out of one seems to pervade our dressing at the moment.

Cresta has a definite flair for these styles. She makes a day suit complete with short midnight-blue silk linen skirt and matching long-sleeved bolero jacket, worn over a short-sleeved "shirty" bodice, striped in midnight-blue, pale blue, green, and cream.

For evening this same shirt-bodice is worn with a midnight-blue floor-length skirt. The two skirts are almost identical, the only difference being the length.

It is interesting that the type of silk linen used for this ensemble is being manufactured in England almost entirely by French refugees.

*Broideray*  
lingerie

created by  
**LUCAS**

are made with the famous  
**Evalastic** REE'S  
PERMANENT  
WAISTBAND

PYJAMAS  
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BLOOMERS



# Grafton

## ANTI-SHRINK

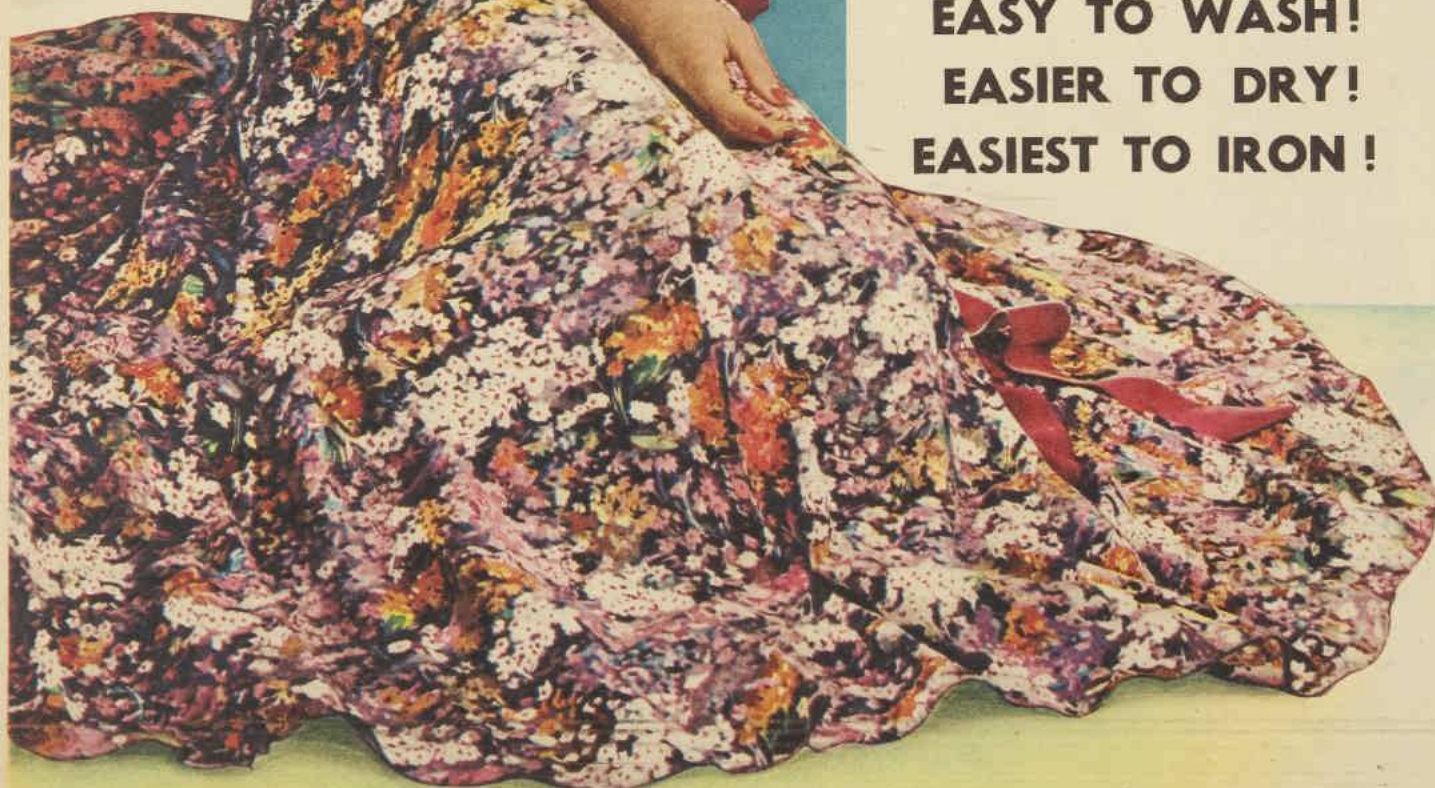
It only takes a spot of rain to wrinkle and shrivel all other rayon crepes. But you can wash your rayon crepe frock every day if you like and it won't shrink by the width of a thread. No stretching or pulling into shape before ironing. In fact this miracle rayon crepe doesn't need ironing except when it carries trimmings. A warm iron is all you ever need—never hot!

**CAUTION.** Insist on seeing the Grafton Anti-Shrink label and sewn tab on every frock. When buying by the yard make sure that the words "Grafton Anti-Shrink" are stamped along every yard of the selvedge.

*The only*  
*rayon crepe that*  
**CANNOT SHRINK!**  
**CANNOT STRETCH!**  
**CANNOT FADE!**  
**EASY TO WASH!**  
**EASIER TO DRY!**  
**EASIEST TO IRON!**



MADE IN  
ENGLAND



FROM 6/11d. PER YARD. WOMEN'S FROCKS FROM 29/11d. AND 35/-. CHILDREN'S FROCKS FROM 25/11d.





F3089

F1668

## Fashion PATTERNS

F1668.—Smart frock featuring gathered bodice and skirt with front fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3089.—Charming outfit for tennis with a brief pleated skirt and simple blouse. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3300.—Gay peasant overall and blouse for young things. 4 to 10 years. Requires 11yds. for blouse, 11yds. for pinafore, 36ins. wide, and 2yds. trimming. Pattern, 1/4.

F2000.—Dainty slip designed on trimly-tailored lines. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2½yds., 36ins. wide, and 1yd. lace. Pattern, 1/4.

F3311.—Attractive jacket frock with clever pleats. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3170.—Youthful little frock with dainty yoke and front. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide, ½yd. contrast, and 3yds. lace. Pattern, 1/7.

F3254.—Flattering summer style for matrons. 38 to 44 bust. Requires 5yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2000

F3300

F3170

F3311

F3254



### Special Concession Pattern

UNDIE SET FOR SMALL GIRLS

Cut in sizes 4 to 10 years.

No. 1: Slip. Requires 1½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 2: Nightgown. Requires 3½yds., 36ins. wide.

No. 3: Panties. Requires ½yd., 36ins. wide.

### CONCESSION COUPON

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State as under—

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ML113A



# Sabotage

"They Stay  
Brighter  
Longer"



Throwing spanners into the enemy's machinery, destroying his guns, wrecking his factories . . . this is the work of the Saboteur. But there are other forms of sabotage. In the lighting business, cheap electric light bulbs sold to you under the guise of economy, can do irreparable damage to your eyesight. Get rid of inefficient bulbs; replace them with dependable pre-tested MAZDA of the correct wattage. They are made in Australia—they stay brighter longer.

# MAZDA

## ELECTRIC LAMPS

Advertisement of AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LIMITED,  
Distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., England.  
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# On the Social Record

## by Miss Midnight

### No dog's life . . .

SILVER lining ending to Custard's stage career . . . she's the Australian silky "discovered" in a dog's home and groomed for stardom in "Sally."

Cast and stage hands so attached to Custard couldn't bear to return to former obscurity such a good little actress ("always ready in the wings for her cue") . . . so Wally Dolan, of back-stage staff, packs her up on last night and takes her home.

### Bargain basement . . .

TO disprove old adage "Opportunity knocks but once," committee of well-known matrons hold second opportunity shop, and bargain-hunters as keen as ever.

Catch fleeting glimpse of Marion Bettington, Pauline Allen, Ev Crossing, and Nola Dekyvere—not quite so soignée as usual, but smiling to the last—over heads of milling crowd of eager customers.

Peter Pan Kindergarten and the ambulance (funds to purchase one, I mean) should do well out of the day's work.

### Mountain home . . .

VISIT to Leura by Madame Henri Segart to see new home . . . built by son, M. Paul Segart, and daughters, Mme. Andre Brenac and Mrs. Fraser Coss (plans and ideas submitted from time to time to parents in Bangkok for approval).

Mme. Segart has been busy since her arrival here two weeks ago choosing carpets and furniture . . . very little of latter needed as everything built-in, beds, wardrobes, dressing-table, and double-sided dresser between lounge and kitchen.

Room specially built for grandchildren, John and Jill Coss; Paul, Jean and Francoise Brenac; and Pauline Segart, as Valley View is to be holiday resort for the families until M. and Madame Segart (he is minister plenipotentiary for Belgium in Thailand) come to settle in Australia five years hence.

### They catch the eye . . .

LARGE pink butterflies on Bea Weeks' tiny black straw hat.

Jaunty little red curled feather trimming Mrs. Jim Ashton's white panama.

Pink and blue hyacinths completely covering chapeau worn by Mrs. Leonard Johnson.

Mrs. Alan Weekes' dove-grey position hat and grey veiling.

### Father's day . . .

BIRTHDAY luncheon for two . . . Betty (Mrs. Bill) Baillieu looks tailored in grey suiting (so very Melbourne) celebrating birthday of father, Mr. Percy Willsallen, at Romano's.

Frequent phone calls to southern city to reassure herself of welfare of three children, Jacqueline, Laurence, and Marshall, while she holidays here for ten days.

### Wedding in south . . .

BACK in Sydney again . . . Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Morrison and daughter Joan, after visit to Melbourne for second daughter Gwyneth's wedding to Bombardier Clifford Jackson.

Joan was bridesmaid with Dorothy Jackson and family stayed with the W. R. McFerrans at Kew for wedding celebration.

Gwyneth has returned to Melbourne every year since school days ended . . . now has house at North Balwyn, near family's former home.

### London news . . .

SEE in recent issue of "Tatler" Princess Melikoff is expert at dealing with incendiary bombs . . . has occasion to practise in earnest at sister's home at Southend.

Remember meeting this tall, charming Tasmanian (former Pauline Curran) on visit to Australia few years ago.

### Luncheon trio . . .

SEE newly-married Lieut. Goyney Tomkins and wife lunching in town with former's sister, Des Tomkins, down from family property, Whetstone (Qld.).

Nancy wears honey-colored wedding frock before packing it with other trousseau belongings for trip to Maitland, where she will stay to be near A.I.F. husband, who returns to camp this Wednesday.

### Noel again . . .

LETTER from London for Marie Burke from daughter, Patricia, says Noel Coward made special visit to see her and recount news of his Australian trip . . . of seeing Marie, husband Guy Nelson King, and pictures of their Mona Vale home.

Marie stars in "Robert's Wife" this Saturday at Minerva . . . is thrilled to play Sanchia as she went three times to see Edith Evans in same role in London, where so much controversy aroused by play.

### Mosman models . . .

THREE Mosman lasses, Bernadette Bartier, Colleen Mashman, and Georgia Murphy, turn their hands to mannequin work for afternoon . . . occasion—fashion and movie parade at Orpheum Theatre, Cremorne.

Parade arranged to bring more money into coffers of Beauty Point branch Lord Mayor's Patriotic Fund. Ruth Seal's attractive posters help to attract audience.

See lots of residents from north side of harbor taking keen note of fashion whims for summer.

Committee members include Mesdames R. A. Young, V. Sheridan, John Barkell, Keith Stewart, L. Joule, Derik Pike, and A. O. Anderson.

### Ring event . . .

FAIR Jane Mills, noted horsewoman, goes home to Bonny Rigg, Quirindi, to show family lovely square-cut diamond ring from Flying-Officer Bob Ashton.

Jane returns this week with mother, Mrs. John Mills, to Sydney and a whirl of parties.

### Heard around town . . .

KATH NOSS and Merle Stanton are spending holiday at Murrumbidgee, Breeza, property of latter's uncle, Mr. R. L. Clift.

By plane from Queensland, Sir Fergus and Lady McMaster here for investiture by Governor-General at Admiralty House.

Joan (Tyler) Shaw pays first visit to Adelaide, with wing-commander husband, since making her home at Mt. Gambier.

Lady Mackay now settled in Melbourne flat . . . only waiting for Melbourne summer to arrive!

Also at Mt. Gambier, Mrs. Forbes Gordon and small son, Forbes . . . staying with Mrs. John Dutton, Burleigh station.



• NAVY-AND-WHITE straw hat with grey tailleur is Mrs. Jimmy Bancks' choice for Red Cross Race Meeting, Randwick.



• PLANS FOR wedding in December or thereabouts. Marcelle Bishop and fiance Bill Adams.



• BUSY DAY for Miss Leo Wray, honorary organizer, stocktaking Anzac Buffet.



• AT CANBERRA. Sydney visitors Betty Berch (left) and Joyce Maddrell enjoy sunshine and spring blossoms.



• CONFECTION OF mist-blue tulle covers Shirley Poynter's fair hair at Minell-Goodwin wedding.



• PLEASSED WITH result of race games and dancing for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind at Pickwick. Committee members Mesdames Lewin Treweeke and E. K. White.



• DRAPED JERSEY FROCK and matching blue hat for Shirley Gorton's race ensemble.



• CENTREPIECE FOR christening table. Mrs. Keith Cadmore borrows stock from Museum for table-setting competition, Sydney Hospital, at David Jones'.



# "COULDN'T

you suggest that she get the breakfast?" asked Mary, as she found room for the gray on the crowded tray. John's lean face softened. "I suppose I could, mum," he said, "but she looks so young lying there all curled up like a baby, and dead to the world!"

There was a sound of a key turning in the lock, and Bob came in just as Penny tripped down the stairs, fresh and buoyant.

"Ah!" said Bob pleasantly. "Visitors again?"

"Yes, visitors again, darling!" confirmed Penny, unabashed. Then, as Bob sat down to open the evening paper, she added fuel to the fire by saying, "But aren't you glad to see your only child?"

"Delighted, my dear, as I was last night, and the night before."

A dark flush had already spread to John's cheekbones by the time he pulled back Mary's chair at the table. Two bright red spots burned on Mary's own cheeks. Bob might realise, she thought, that it was towards the end of the month, and the children were probably hard up. Her sense of justice forced her to admit to herself, however, that supper was more than apt to be the same strained meal on the first of the month, and that, by some miracle of finance, they always had enough money to go to the pictures.

"Mum," said Penny as soon as the first sharp edge of her healthy appetite had dulled itself on the well-cooked lamb, "the John Nielsons are giving a party to-morrow night, and I was wondering if you saved enough sugar from your ration to make us a cake!"

"I'll see, Penny. I haven't used much lately."

"And you could ask your milkman to leave some extra milk to-morrow? I could pick it up on my way home."

John sat back in his chair and looked at his young wife.

"So we are having some coffee, are we?" he asked her. It was usually far too much trouble, and Penny laughed out loud in appreciation of what he meant.

"Darling," she said with a flash of her dimple. "The house is full of coffee. Since you grumbled last time I've bought four pounds!"

Bob, eating his supper in a safe silence, observed them as he would characters in the theatre; as if, the minute the play was over, he could get up, collect his hat, and forget their troubles. Not until the house was quiet again—Penny could never leave without the last-minute rush—and he was helping Mary with the dishes did he say casually, "Wasn't that a new dress Penny was wearing?"

"It's her birthday present, dear," said Mary quietly.

"Birthday present? But her birthday's after Christmas!"

"Yes, but she wanted the dress, and she clearly understands it's her birthday present from me," insisted Mary.

"How long is it since you bought anything new for yourself?"

"But Bob, I don't need a new dress. I go out so seldom."

"No," said Bob grimly, "with four people to cook for every night, and party cakes into the bargain, you wouldn't have time to go out and enjoy yourself."

"It isn't Penny's fault that she hasn't found anything to do," said

Mary stoutly. "She's tried, Bob, and you know it, but almost every job nowadays needs typing and shorthand, and experience."

"What does she say about her art diploma now?" asked Bob.

Mary wrung the soapuds from her hands.

"I thought," she said tentatively, "that it might be a good thing if Penny went and took a course of business training. She'd have to get up in the morning and keep regular hours."

"Business training, after all—"

"But, Bob dear, it isn't any more than we'd have done ourselves for her. The war has altered everybody's plans, and a business training is a chance, isn't it?"

"Yes, my dear," agreed Bob.

"Then you don't mind if—"

"No," said Bob cryptically.

Pen went to the Technical College for her business training with great enthusiasm, the wiser at least for her experience in job-hunting. Having to get up in the morning, she began to yawn over her books about nine o'clock, and tumbled into bed gratefully. John began to pick up; his face filled out, due to regular hours and a good meal each night. They were having their suppers with Mary every night now; watching them carefully, Mary decided the chance had been worth taking.

But towards the end of the term Penny came home one day, her eyes stark, her face dead white, to stand in the kitchen doorway.

"Mum," she said, her lip quivering. "I—I'm going to have a baby."

She slumped down at the kitchen table, her head on her arms, and gave way to violent, rebellious sobbing. Mary, her arms tight around her, began to pick up the pieces.

"But babies are the sweetest things," she urged. "You'll be thrilled with one of your own. Why, it's wonderful, darling!"

"What's wonderful about it?" sobbed Penny. "I'll have to stop going to college now. Everything will be spoiled."

"But we'll have plenty to do, Penny. There'll be things to make, and—"

"Now you're being old-fashioned, mum. No one sews and knits nowadays. You can buy everything, anywhere!"

And there was nothing old-fashioned either about the parties Penny started to give in her little flat. She invited all her friends, particularly from the Art School, as if she were saying good-bye for ever to her youth and happiness. The flat, so delightfully free from parental presence and restraint, became the noisiest rendezvous for streets around. The neighbors complained. The landlord expressed himself forcibly and threatened to turn them out, and let himself go about the youth of the country in no uncertain terms.

Mary was driven at last to speak to Bob. It might be better, she said, to bring the children home altogether. The saving of the rent each week would be no small item towards meeting the extra cost, and John wasn't looking too well. Bob stared at her with a mixture of wonder and admiration.

"My dear," he said, "is there no end to your patience?"

## Love Isn't Enough

Continued from page 6

"You mean you don't mind?"

"No, I don't mind," said Bob. "In fact, if I know anything about that young man's career."

But they had reckoned without Penny.

"No!" she said flatly. "I'm married, and I'm entitled to my own roof at least. I can just see dad looking down his nose."

Scold or advise as she would, Mary got nowhere. Penny struck out on all sides as if possessed. Eliminated now as a potential aid to their sorely shattered budget, she devoted the rest of her energy to bullying John.

"I told John it's high time he asked for a rise," she said one night at supper. "But he's afraid to ask!"

John pushed back his plate, his supper hardly touched.

"I'm not scared—exactly," he said. "But I know I'm not really worth what I'm getting now. I'm still an apprentice, going through the works, and if I ask for a rise, as likely as not I'll lose my job altogether."

"If you're not worth more than four pounds ten a week by this time, you're not worth anything at all!" said Pen with authority.

John's eyes went slowly icy, and quite impersonal. When he spoke, his voice cut the air like a knife.

"Well, great minds think alike apparently," he said. "Yours, mine, and eventually the manager's!"

IT so turned out. John's words were all too prophetic. Mary knew in her heart that something ominous was in the wind the night the children came along obviously furious with each other.

"John's had the sack!" Penny said, with no attempt to break the news gently. John turned to Bob.

"I'm not exactly sacked," he said.

"The manager said I'm not holding my own here, and he's right. But he wants me to go to the new works in the Midlands. They are working night and day there, and there's more scope. He's given me the chance—if I want it."

"Well, it's the same thing!" pronounced Penny. "And you don't want it. He didn't even mention salary."

"He said my salary would depend upon what I do," John went on coolly. "Engineering is a protected industry, and I must go where I'm most wanted. I'm fed up to the teeth on sponging, and there's too much family here!"

"Too much family!" Penny fairly shouted. "Just where would you be without my family, I'd like to know?"

"Come away with me and find out."

Penny, attacking her supper with zest, said, "I should go and see if you can keep yourself first."

John pushed back his chair and got up from the table.

"Thank you for my supper," he said calmly. "Thank you, mum, for all the meals I've had here. It's quite true that I might have starved to death without you."

He turned to Bob.

"Good-bye, sir," he said shortly. Bob got up from his chair, too, and, his hand on John's shoulder,

said quite casually. "Good-bye, John, and good luck. You might drop in at the office before you go—if you have time."

"Well!" said Penny with nonchalance as the door slammed behind John. "I seem to be back on papa's hands."

And that was, much to her surprise, and to Mary's heartbreak, another one of those prophetic utterances. On the first anniversary of her marriage, Penny was sleeping back in her old room. Mary, now that the thing that had been hanging over her head had happened, was, in a way, relieved.

There weren't any pieces to pick up for Penny now. Penny had made too thorough a job of the whole thing. She was badly broken and went round in a daze. Mary didn't dare to look ahead for her.

One day Penny picked up a tiny nightgown idly, holding it out before her.

"That one's all done but sewing on the tapes, isn't it?" said Mary, looking up.

Penny selected a needle from the packet in Mary's sewing basket.

"I've got to do something, or I'll die!" she said. "Hand me the cotton, will you?"

"Penny," snapped Mary, her nerves on edge. "Will you stop talking about dying, or won't you?"

Each small garment, as soon as it was finished, Penny packed away in an old trunk. Nor was it by accident, Mary knew well enough, that Penny was always at her sewing beside the window round about the time the postman came. Mary's heart bled for her as day after day the postman had no letter for her, and at last Penny said with something of Mary's own doggedness about picking up the pieces. "I'll have to leave the baby with you, mum, when I go back to the Technical College. If ever I needed a diploma, I—I'm going to need it now."

She was fighting a losing battle against morbid fright, Mary realised. She couldn't endure being alone for long and followed Mary from room to room, lending a hand with the cooking and the housework as an excuse for hanging about.

"How many ways are there of using up cold meat and things?" she asked Mary.

"Curry and fricassee are good," suggested Mary, and they started to make a list.

"Which are the cheapest foods, mum?" went on Penny, finding a sudden interest in cooking.

"I know what dad's thinking," she continued. "He thinks if I had any grit I'd have made a go on John's salary. I'd just like to give him a good old taste of his own medicine."

Mary suddenly realised the train of Penny's thoughts. Being a kind person herself she hesitated at first, but then her heart hardened as she thought of Bob's continued detachment.

"Go to what lengths you like, Pen!" she said abruptly.

Nobody ever took his own medicine more valiantly than Bob did. He took each dose with more zest than the one before, and not until Penny had exhausted all Mary's economical recipes and began to improvise did Mary catch in his eye a look, quickly veiled, as he sat down to supper. She was thoroughly in sympathy with that look by then, and decided to mention the matter to Penny when they were washing-up.

"He's only thriving on it, Penny darling," she said. "And I could do with a jolly good meal myself!"

Penny didn't answer, and turning round Mary caught her crying.

"He's not getting any thinner. He's not losing his appetite," sobbed Penny. "And I've not spent a penny more than John and I had to live on. I could have made a go of it when I had the chance if I'd had half a grain of sense."

But it was the last time she mentioned John's name until the day she and Mary were hurriedly packing her bag to go to the hospital. Then with her eyes steady, she said, "You know, mum, I don't blame John for walking out on the meagre—I made of it, and if—I if I fizzle out on this job, too, will you tell him what I said?"

"You have me, darling," choked Mary, "and you have dad."

"That's nice," said Penny politely. "That's just something about having a baby that—that makes you want a man around, isn't there?"

## BOB

was hardly a tower of strength. His detachment went up in clouds of smoke as he and Mary sat on the edges of their chairs in the waiting-room. Mary stared into space, thinking of the day when Penny was born, and Bob's hovering pride. Had he really been as worried then as he was to-day? For the hundredth time he mopped his brow.

"Bob, if you do that again, I—I'll scream!" said Mary.

"This may be all right for a young man," snapped Bob, "but it's no place for a grandfather!"

A shrill wind whistled round the corner of the building; doubly shrill in that hospital hush. Always before, Mary had regarded the grey at Bob's temples as premature, but looking at it now and knowing how many of his hopes lay buried with hers, she said: "You know, Bob, my heart broke for John, too, that night he walked out; he had no choice, but now I think I—hate him."

"The young cad!" snorted Bob.

The door opened, and their eyes flew to it, fearfully. In the doorway stood a man, young and spruce and sure. It was John.

"How did you get here, walk?" Bob barked.

John matched him glare for glare. "What the devil are you playing at?" he exploded at Bob, "with your fine advice about lying low and staying on the job until I heard from you. You should have known there was twenty-four hours delay on wires, and the train's hours late!"

Under Mary's astounded stare Bob suddenly concentrated his attention on some magazines lying on the table. Gradually it dawned on Mary that at the back of each heart-breaking day in these terrible months was only Bob's calm recognition of himself in Penny, and his ruthless instinctive knowledge of what to do about it. To think that all the time Bob could have held that tight inflexible rein on Penny and through Penny, on her!

"John," she said, on a rising tide of anger, "I—I didn't know. I'd have given years of my life just—just to have had you here this week!"

John turned to Mary then, and his face softened. Something about him steadied her even from across the room.

"I know, mum," he said gently, "but I'm here now, and it's 'all clear,' isn't it? The worst is over."

Behind him in the hall there was a starched nurse, and John wheeled round.

"Mother and son doing nicely," said a cheerful nurse, "and expecting their first visitor."

John's face broke into a broad grin, and with pride in his voice he said, "Let's be off!" The door closed behind them before Mary turned to Bob.

"Bob," she said, "how could you?"

"It was the only way."

"I hope you won't have to regret it to the end of your days."

"Regret!" he barked. "Regret a son-in-law like John and grit like Penny's? And Mary, my dear, one more of those wretched dinners, and I'd have sent for John there and then!"

Just then the door opened and the nurse returned.

"You won't linger, will you? As a rule we confine first visitors to husbands only, but Mr. Nielson was very anxious for you both to see her."

John sat on the edge of the bed, Penny's hand in his, with eyes for her face alone. She looked so awfully little and apart, lying there. Mary's heart contracted violently, and her arms ached. Revulsion at Bob's hard way with Penny swept over her, again only to subside; for of those two, cut from the same cloth, Bob was suddenly the whiter, and Mary slipped a staying hand into his.

The nurse came in with a blanket bundle in her arms.

"This is what takes the grandparents' eyes!" she said.

As naturally as she breathed, Penny snuggled the bundle to her and laid the blanket back from the red and wizened little face while Mary held her breath. Penny's eyes, when at last she looked up, were already years beyond Mary and Bob, wide with high hopes and fixed plans.

There was the same triumphant flash of the dimple at the corner of her mouth, though, when she said, "I've got a big job now, dad, and no diploma required!"

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# Women also Serve..

## Women drivers help in A.I.F. campaign

The A.I.F. recruiting campaign is being effectively aided by the N.E.S. women ambulance drivers, who by their work are releasing soldiers for active military duties.

The most important aspect of the women's work is with the mobile recruiting units.

DURING the last few months the residents of country towns in N.S.W. have been surprised to see trimly-uniformed women at the wheels of the recruiting mobile units, instead of soldier-chauffeurs.

Two of these drivers, Misses Carl Bayley and Joyce Bourke, have just returned from a month's trip in the west of N.S.W. with the No. 3 unit.

They left Sydney in Miss Bayley's car at a day's notice. They covered 1670 miles in all and travelled as far west as Bourke.

They were accompanied by Lieut. P. Lee and Sergeant W. Lyons.

"The trip was a most interesting one," said Miss Bourke. "As well as driving we helped with the enrolment of recruits at busy times."

All the petrol used is supplied by the military authorities. "It was our job to check the petrol gauge and keep a record of exactly how much was used," added Miss Bourke.

Two married women, both of whom are mothers of children in their teens, are also drivers for the mobile units. They are Mesdames A. Donaldson, of Maroubra, and M. Bissett, of Cremorne Point.

"This work makes us feel that we are really doing something constructive to aid the war effort," said Mrs. Donaldson. "Transport driving is well suited to women, for it is not too tiring and yet, by doing it, we are releasing men for other duties," she added.

Miss Muriel Bourne, of Dulwich Hill, one of the first ambulance drivers, is making her second trip with a unit. She has been out for three weeks now, and will not return to Sydney until next week.

At many of the towns she has addressed schoolchildren and women's organisations on the work of the ambulance drivers.

Miss Bourne is also in charge of the amplifying equipment.

Another driver is Miss Leonie Bond, of Cremorne, who has been on the road for five weeks. In the earlier part of the campaign she



DESPATCH RIDER Miss Eve Warnaby is given a despatch by Staff-Sergeant W. Stewart at the recruiting hut in Martin Place. N.E.S. women are helping in the A.I.F. recruiting campaign.

used to drive the recruiting officers to the various militia camps.

Three N.E.S. drivers are also on duty at the recruiting hut at Martin Place each day of the week.

As soon as the hut was established their aid was enlisted to drive recruits to the barracks for medical inspection. About 18 women are on the roster.

There is also a member of the Cycle Corps affiliated with the N.E.S. ambulance drivers on duty every day.

For the last month Miss Eve Warnaby has been doing this work.



MRS. A. DONALDSON helps a recruit to fill in his enlistment form at the hut in Martin Place, where three women do clerical work.

MISSES JOYCE BOURKE (left) and Carl Bayley have just returned to Sydney after driving the No. 3 Mobile Recruiting Unit in the country for a month. Both joined N.E.S. at inception, and are expert mechanics and map-readers.

## TOUGH OLD COUGH



YIELDS TO NEW CANADIOL MIXTURE

You can get to-day at any chemist or store a bottle of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple acting)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardily cold Canada—take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough in "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more of that tough hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

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Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.\*\*\*

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I am not young, but I must say I now feel as fit as the proverbial fiddle. Previously I could not stoop to do my work, and to straighten myself was impossible. I advise all sufferers from backache and kidney trouble to give De Witt's Pills a fair trial." Mr. J. C.

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## Two Feet from Heaven

Continued from page 5

**I** THINK those were his exact words, but for some reason I know that the following were—for they are indelibly engraved on the tablets of my memory. Speaking slowly and with the utmost impressiveness, the vulture said:

"Here is a clear case of homicide; and, in this country, although every accused person is presumed to be innocent until proved to be guilty, it must be remembered that every homicide is presumed to be murder until the contrary is clearly established—and indisputably proved."

"In view of her confession and in the said absence of any circumstances whatsoever which might point to it being something else, you must—for it is your duty—presume this case to be one of murder, and find this woman guilty of murder."

It was a long speech and, in its cold, logical and remorseless marshalling of facts, terribly convincing. Nevertheless, I hoped, and at moments believed, that the jury must realise that, save for the girl's own confession, the prosecution had had a very difficult task.

There were few witnesses, and their testimony uninteresting. The policeman to whom the girl had made her first confession, and who had found the body in her room. The woman and her daughter who had avowedly testified that they had seen "Emrith" come out of the fatal room at ten o'clock, holding her shawl up to her face, her hands and arms and anything that she might have been carrying concealed beneath it.

Of the dead man nothing appeared to be known. If he had had any friends they had not come forward, and the police had been unable to establish his identity or to discover anything about him.

By the time the case for the Crown was set forth, I was anxious. I was more than anxious—I was cold with fear.

And there in the dock, in no-wise anxious, and completely free from fear, stood the girl—in the very shadow of the gallows.

She puzzled me more than anyone or anything has ever done in all my life—until I met Richard Neystake.

What on earth made her persist in her confession and plea of "Guilty"? Obviously it was the prosecution's trump-card; and without it they would, I felt sure, have lost.

Had I been a member of that jury—even though unbiased by the

girl's look of innocence—I should have said "Not proven." By no means proven. No motive; no weapon; nothing but the fact of a man's dead body having been found in her room. A pretty damning fact, of course, but . . . And then that awful, idiotic, fantastic confession.

But there was nothing cold or incisive about Sir Edward Marshall. His method was the very opposite of that of prosecuting counsel. Obviously, or, rather, apparently, he was seething with rage; or, rather, burning with a fierce and noble flame of indignation and resentment against the injustice of the false accusation.

Never in the whole of his long experience; never in his life had he known, or heard of, so flimsy a case as that made out by the Crown. Personally, he would have been ashamed to the depths of his soul to have had any hand in the bringing of such an indictment—so poor and flimsy a mass of "evidence"—to use a term of which it was unworthy.

There was no evidence! Why! The prosecution had not even attempted to show a motive. It had been wholly unable to produce the weapon with which the alleged assault had been made. They had not had the slightest success—however unceasing and unscrupulous their efforts—in blackening the character of the accused.

Let the jury look at her. Let them try to imagine that fragile girl making a ferocious attack upon a burly ruffian and killing him with her hands!

Nor had the prosecution been able to produce one solitary witness whose evidence was of the slightest value to them or which could do the faintest injury to the fair fame, character and conduct of his innocent client. Let the jury but look at her!

The jury looked; as indeed did everyone else in that great Criminal Court of Justice; and had they seen what I saw, they had beheld a girl incapable of crime of any sort; a girl without any feeling of shame, horror or fear, at finding herself in the terrible position in which she stood. Nay, more; a girl who was fortified and sustained by some inner feeling akin to satisfaction, and gratitude to Fate.

I do not actually say that she

looked happy, but she looked—what shall I say?—fulfilled; content; unashamed, because she had nothing of which to be ashamed. She was calm; unafraid; and resigned.

Even now, I have failed to describe her look and bearing satisfactorily, for she did not look resigned so much as readily acquiescent, willing to pay the great price for a great gain; for a great achievement and success.

So must Joan of Arc have looked, facing her judges with the knowledge that nothing that they could do could possibly undo what she had done. She had saved France! She had saved her King! And now she was prepared to die for France and for her King!

I would have given a year of my life—years of my life—to have been allowed to set up my easel and canvas there and then, and paint the face of this girl, who, to me, was, as I say, Joan of Arc reincarnate.

As brave; as serene; as pure; as innocent; the essential martyr of a burning faith; and noble . . .

Then, turning to the jury, Marshall fairly overwhelmed them with a flood of burning eloquence, tearing to tatters the speech of prosecuting counsel. And so he came to the one damning and apparently irrefutable fact of the girl's own plea of "Guilty," and her statement and confession made to the police.

**F**IXING his glowing, penetrating, almost hypnotic eyes upon each member of the jury in turn, he congratulated himself that, in this case, he was blessed in having to address twelve people of obviously high intelligence, sensibility, and sense.

People of their knowledge, experience, wide reading and understanding would instantly see how probable it was—how almost inevitable—that a young girl, such as they were about to rescue from the terrible situation in which a cruel and adverse fate had placed her, might well go temporarily insane on entering her room and finding there a blood-bespattered corpse.

"Picture that dreadful room!" he cried. "Picture that dreadful scene which met the poor child's eyes as she struck a match and lit a candle or lamp . . . Her heart would almost cease to beat! She would faint; probably fall headlong to the ground and lie senseless, still as that corpse which lay within a few feet of her. When she recovered consciousness, perhaps in darkness, she would not dare to move. It was a situation terrible enough to turn her brain; to drive her permanently insane."

"Probably, as a result of where she was, of how close she lay to that dreadful thing, she fainted again. Is it any wonder that when able to move she staggered to her feet and fled from that terrible room; cried incoherently to the first person whom she met—a policeman, as it happened—that she had committed a murder? . . . Why, it is a phenomenon not only well-known, but extremely familiar, to neurologists, nerve-specialists and psychologists, this impulse to confess something—some act, some crime—that the patient has not committed and is quite incapable of committing."

"I withdraw the word 'confess,' because in such a case it is not a confession, it is a mis-statement made under a misapprehension. And the police should withdraw, just as you yourselves will mentally withdraw in your own minds, that incoherent statement made by a poor distraught girl at a time when her mind was unbalanced, unhinged by horror and by shock."

"Need I tell you, members of the jury, that a murder is scarcely ever committed without one or two, or sometimes a dozen, 'confessions' being made by people who are totally innocent of the crime? The police know it well, and there is no police official, no member of the Criminal Investigation Department who would dare to deny it."

"Yes," you may say though, being people of acute intelligence, 'but is the accused in such mental condition now? Was she distraught, her mind unhinged with horror, when she pleaded guilty to this preposterous charge?'"

"The question is well asked and there are two answers."

"The first is 'Yes, perhaps so. Indeed, very likely.' For there is such a thing as delayed shock. There is such a state as protracted numbness caused by shock. Though the body may recover and the mind

be otherwise normal, hallucination may persist."

"Although that poor girl standing there, awaiting release by your sympathetic understanding and verdict of 'not guilty,' may appear to behave in a perfectly normal manner, one department of her mind may still be abnormal, damaged, deranged. And the result of that injury which affects her memory is that she is still under the impression that she killed the man whom she found in her room. For remember—and I most solemnly charge you to remember—that the prosecution has not brought forward one shred of evidence to prove, to indicate, to suggest that she ever saw that man alive."

"And the second answer to that question; why did she plead guilty? It is an alternative which may well be considered by anyone whose mind is not too crassly stupid, too grossly ignorant, too besottedly prejudiced to accept the theory—in truth, the simple truth—that she cannot remember what did happen before she fainted . . ."

"Think of the horrid sight that confronted her there in her humble room . . . And if there be such a stupid person in this court, I offer him this alternative suggestion, and it does her infinite credit; having once said she was guilty—she sticks to it!"

"She says, 'My mind is blank as regards memory of what happened after I opened my door. I know that some time later, minutes or hours, I realised that I was lying on the floor and that near me was a dead body; blood; the murdered man; and my one impulse was to get away—go to get help—and that to the first person I met, I said I had murdered a man.'"

"When more coherent, she elaborated the statement; told the police—and, mind you, members of the jury, I don't say that the police prompted her—told the police that she must have killed this man in self-defence!"

Sir Edward Marshall turned from the jury and, with an appealing gesture of outflung arm, bade them look once again at this alleged murderer who had violently and brutally attacked a burly ruffian and battered him to death.

"I ask you, gentlemen! I ask you!" he said, and his wise, pitying, kindly smile and a slow, grave shake of his noble head should, I thought, have carried conviction to a heart of stone and a brain of wood. I wondered that the jury did not rise as one man and request that the case might be stopped.

Now it was as good as won, surely, thought I, until I realised that, argue as he might, ridicule the prosecution as he could, appeal to the common sense of the jury as he did, he had refrained from putting his innocent client in the witness-box. And that always looks bad.

The Judge and any thoughtful member of the jury must conclude that when defending counsel feels that he cannot safely do that, he must be afraid that the accused will either say too much or give the wrong answers.

Why he did not do it I knew only too well, for Thomas had told me, before the trial began, that the girl was being extremely difficult.

Sir Edward Marshall and his junior had had a long interview with her in a special room in the prison in which she was detained while awaiting trial. And Marshall had admitted to Thomas that he was puzzled, bothered and rather anxious. For the girl insisted that she was guilty, and he had found it impossible to persuade her to plead otherwise.

The story that she told Marshall, and that he repeated to Thomas, was that the man—a stranger to her—walked into her room while she was sitting there, locked the door, accused her of queering his pitch—presumably the pitch on which she sold flowers—and attacked her.

Suddenly, someone tried the door, or knocked on it, the man turned his back to her and took a step towards the door; instantly she picked up a weapon and struck him on the back of the head with all her strength. He fell to the floor, and she struck him again and again.

She then collapsed and fainted. When she came to, she dared not move but stayed there until daylight, until full dawn perhaps. When the sun rose and there was sufficient light for her to see that the man was still there and obviously dead, she went out and told the policeman what she had done.

**O**F course Marshall could not put her in the witness box, if she were going to insist that she killed the man.

If only the fatal injuries had been in front. If only she had struck him as he first approached her, or as he turned back from the door towards which he had taken a step.

As it was, there was the body of a murdered man, killed from behind, and a woman who confessed to having killed him.

As for her story of the man having attacked her and she having killed him in self-defence, what evidence was there of its truth? None. For, as the surgeon forthwith ascertained at the request of the police, she bore not the slightest mark of any injury whatsoever.

No, as told by Emma Heath, it was a thin story, though when retold by Sir Edward Marshall, a convincing one; a pitiful story of touching and powerful appeal.

His peroration was magnificent and as he sat down, obviously moved by his own eloquence, if not by real feelings of indignation against false accusation and pity for injured innocence, I felt that even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer.

In his summing up, the somnolent-looking Judge showed that he had followed every word with the utmost attention, and that from beginning to end he had missed no single point. And the most biased person could not deny that he was absolutely fair. But on the whole, I felt that his judgment went against her. At times I could have stood up and cheered; at others my heart sank within me; and, by the time he had concluded, I felt apprehensive.

What seemed to weigh with him heavily was the fact that she had been seen to go out from her room in hat and shawl, obviously concealing something beneath the latter.

"Why," asked the Judge, "should she have gone out into the street at that time and made no attempt to get help for the injured man? Why have made no confession then to the first policeman whom she met? Or, if she failed to find one, why not have gone to the nearest police station?"

"One of the strangest features about this extremely puzzling case is the accused's conduct at this point. To my mind there can be no doubt that she went to dispose of the weapon alluded to by the medical witness as 'a blunt instrument.'"

"Why, you must ask yourselves, did she wait for many hours before summoning help, in spite of the fact that she was able to go out into the street, and in some way dispose of part of the evidence of the deed. That, you have to consider in conjunction with the fact that the man was attacked from behind."

"As you have noted—in this curious case, so singularly devoid of evidence—no motive has been produced; no fingerprints have been found, save those of the accused; no suggestion of robbery has been brought forward in support or contradiction of accused's story; and on her statement and confession alone, which she reiterates and reaffirms, the whole case rests . . ."

Please turn to page 34

## CORNS

lift out

Cheer up! Forget that beastly, burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frolz-Ice—pain goes in 3 seconds. This better-type anesthetic action works that fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—core and all. Lift out your corns with magic Frolz-Ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free, happy feet. Chemists and stores everywhere sell Frolz-Ice.

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Piles are caused by congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Only an internal remedy can remove the cause. That's why salves and cutting fail. Dr. Leonhardt's *Vacuoid*, a harmless tablet, succeeds, because it relieves this congestion and strengthens the affected parts. *Vacuoid* has given quick, safe and lasting relief to thousands of pile sufferers. It will do the same for you or money back. Chemists everywhere sell *Vacuoid* with this guarantee.



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# "Flying Death" saves lives

## Indian arrow poison, cures white man's ills

Curare—"the flying death" used on the poisoned darts of the South American Indians—is now being used by the civilised medical world in the cure of spastic paralysis and as curative shock treatment for some forms of insanity.

The story of how this drug has been divested of ritual-ridden black magic so that it can now become a standardised product for hospital use is told in an absorbing book, "White Water and Black Magic," by Richard C. Gill.

**RICHARD GILL** and his wife, Nina, owned a big ranch in Ecuador.

He had already made friends among the Indian tribes and had gathered a great deal of information about curare and other items in the Indians' own "chemist's shop," when, after a fall from his horse, he was stricken with spastic paralysis.

He learned from the specialists who cured him of the possibilities of curare as a cure for thousands who were suffering as he had.

The expedition he organised to gather information on the drug and to collect botanical samples was a tremendous undertaking.

Such an expedition, he explains, means establishment of a field laboratory, weeks of travel away from anything faintly resembling civilisation, enough equipment to carry out scientific tests; in fact, every imaginable problem connected with wilderness aspects of science, food, primitive barter, personnel, health, relaxation, living quarters, and defence.

The expedition investigated and brought back approximately 75 botanicals from which, either singly or in groups, various drug preparations are made by the Indians.

"The jungle drug store inventory," Gill says, "ranges from primitive malaria prophylactics and remedies for the many intestinal disorders of the jungle on up through cosmetics, dermatologic remedies to those most surrounded by rituals of witch lore—narcotics and poisons connected with the various stages of birth, and curare."

"When prepared for its most general use, as arrow poison, curare is in the form of a heavy, gummy paste, dark-brownish, almost black in color.

"In the laboratory some of its isolated active ingredients range in appearance from a yellowish, amorphous powder to placid-looking little grey-white crystals.



### A Case for Steedman's

Baby cuts teeth easily when habits are kept regular and the bloodstream cool by using Steedman's Powders. For over 100 years mothers have relied upon them—the safe aperient up to 14 years.

**Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS**

FOR CONSTIPATION

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A book to read

"When the whole curare is prepared for clinical use in the grim fight against spastic paralysis it looks, when desiccated and pulverised, like a coarse, cloudy amber powder; when in liquid form and ready for injection it resembles weak coffee."

It is made from the roots, bark tendrils and stem sections of a plant.

In the jungle, the Indian prepares his curare supplies for hunting during a long-drawn-out process, when he disappears from his tribe for several days.

Fasting, muttering of various invocations, and a sleepless vigil by his forest fire while the plants boil down to a gummy substance are all part of the witchcraft which governs its preparation.

The ceremony must be carried out meticulously, otherwise his hunting expeditions with this particular stock of curare will be failures.

Because an Indian does not regard it as the badge of a he-man to have hair on his chest (it reduces his superiority to the animals) the expedition was able to bring back depilatories from the jungle for use in civilised beauty parlors.

Other herbs and dyes used by the Indians to color their skins will also find a place in our beauty parlors.

Certain leaves and berries chewed regularly preserve the teeth—toothing is rare among the Indians. There are also treatments for gingivitis and pyorrhea, and gargles and inhalants for the throat.

But they have no cures yet for white man's diseases. Gill has seen whole Indian villages wiped out by measles and influenza in their mildest forms.

The half-castes, peons, and the Indians themselves provide much of the interest of the book.

It details the Indians' rigid social codes, their family laws, and age-old conservatism.

There is Teresa, the massive cook at the hacienda, Manuel Flores, headman at the ranch, and his wife, La Encarnacion, whose greeting is always "Peace upon thy land," and Aguida, the sixty-year-old Indian, who had been shot by a revolver held close to his head.

Aguida travelled by canoe and on foot for more than three hundred miles to get a "white man's cure."

He climbed the Andes to a motor-road and travelled to the capital in a crowded motor bus.

"To-day he is as well as ever, as quick, as cunning, and as ruthless as before."

"White Water and Black Magic," By Richard C. Gill. Gollancz, English and Foreign Library, Sydney.

**CURARE**, jungle poison used by Indian hunters in South America, now has clinical value in the laboratories of the civilised world. Above: The poisoned arrows are operated by the Indians with amazing skill up to a range of several hundred yards through long blowpipes.



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## FROM CONSTIPATION

Here's how you can get prompt, pleasant relief from constipation. To-night, before going to bed, take one or two NYAL FIGSEN tablets. Figsen is easy and pleasant to take; no stomach upsets, no gripping pain. In the morning Figsen acts—mildly, thoroughly and effectively. Figsen is so gentle and natural that, only for the pleasant relief it brings, you would scarcely know you had taken a laxative. Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere—1/3d a tin. The next best thing to Nature,

**Nyal Figsen**  
FOR CONSTIPATION

## Varicose Veins are Quickly Reduced

No sensible person will continue to suffer from dangerous swollen veins or bunched when the powerful, yet harmless germicide called Moore's Emerald Oil can be obtained at any chemist. Ask for a two-ounce original bottle of Moore's Emerald Oil (full strength), and refuse substitutes. Use as directed, and in a few days improvement will be noticed, then continue until the swollen veins are reduced to normal.



## Two Feet from Heaven

Continued from page 32

THE judge paused a moment, then continued: "She says she killed this man. She says she did it in self-defence. She went out and disposed of the weapon; she called in none of her neighbors and apparently spoke to no one at all; she waited all night and then called a policeman.

"If you think that, in spite of her plea of self-defence, the established facts point to murder, it is your duty to find the accused guilty. If, on the other hand, there is any doubt in your mind, the prisoner is entitled to the benefit of that doubt."

I do not pretend for one moment that all this recital is a verbatim account of what the Judge said, for I was paying far more attention to the girl than to him. I was studying her face much too intently to follow carefully what he was saying; but that was the gist of it, and, as his quiet, patient, monotonous

voice flowed on, I felt that the tide was also flowing—against the girl whom I had done my best to save.

And it seemed to me—in fact, I was certain of it—that as the Judge's summing-up seemed to go against her, the look of—what shall I say?—acquiescence, satisfied resignation, happy martyrdom that ennobled, almost glorified, her pale, fine face . . . increased.

She looked faintly disappointed when the Judge dwelt upon the fact that, but for her plea of guilty, and the insistence of the fact that she and she alone had committed the murder, there was little evidence against her.

Did she want to be found guilty? Be condemned to some such appalling

sentence as penal servitude for life? Did she want to be hanged?

There was something behind all this. Couldn't Sir Edward Marshall see that there was? But if he could and did, what point would there be in proclaiming the fact; drawing the attention of those wooden-faced, dull-eyed jurymen to the amazing phenomenon.

The Judge concluded his summing-up and bade the jury do their duty. The court emptied and what must surely be to any accused person the worst time of the whole trial began.

What must her feelings have been as she sat in that cell below the court? I could only judge by my own. Suppose they did find her guilty? Suppose she were condemned to death? It was a possibility, if not a probability, too awful for contemplation, and I hoped that the thought of my contemplated picture played by now a very small part in my great anxiety and deep concern.

But on one thing I was determined. I would immortalise her, and, if I never saw her again, her face should be that of my Joan of Arc. I could paint it from memory and from my sketches almost as well as I could if she actually sat for me. And I should be inspired. The central figure would be real, and in her face the duldest and stupidest should find what even they could read.

Because for me this had been the trial of Joan of Arc; the trial of an innocent; of one who, for some reason, was willing, if not anxious, to be found guilty; to be condemned; to be a martyr.

Why? Absolutely unfathomable. It was entirely beyond my understanding then and it is beyond it now.

I don't know how long I sat in that agony of suspense, doubt and puzzlement.

There was a stir in the grim and grimy court-room as the jury filed back into their box; the Judge returned to his high place; and the girl—white-faced, calm, confident and almost smiling—came up the steps into the glass-sided dock, accompanied by two wardresses.

I could scarcely breathe . . . The voices of the Clerk of the Court and the foreman of the jury broke the tense silence of the Court.

The jury found the prisoner guilty of manslaughter and the Judge condemned her to three years' penal servitude.

I think the sentence shocked everyone in the Court except the girl herself. I cannot say that she actually smiled, but there was a suggestion of the dawn of a smile upon her face, and a look, not of satisfaction or pleasure, but of unregretful acquiescence. That, perhaps, is the best description I can give of that beautiful, proud and almost saintly face.

I never saw her again, but should you care to see her as I did in those final minutes, go and look at my picture, "The Trial of Joan of Arc."

On a flat-topped tomb in the ancient churchyard of Pudding St. Phillip sat the bigish boy or smallish youth whose eyes and heart-shaped face had reminded Mr. Denzil Marindin of the girl who had, all unknown to herself, been the model for his famous picture, "The Trial of Joan of Arc."

Perhaps only an artist, one who had made so prolonged and careful a study of the face in question, would have seen any point of resemblance between the rather hard, rather cunning countenance of the boy, with its high cheek-bones and grim set mouth, and the face of the woman, rapt, ecstatic and withdrawn; the resemblance between the gutter-snipe and the saint.

Gazing round the green and mossy churchyard and out across its low wall to the lovely vale upon which the hand of autumn lay as yet but lightly, the slum-bred boy wondered how much longer he could bear it.

In his own vernacular, 'Ow the devil 'e could stick the gawd-forsaken 'ole another dy wivout goin' bugs? (The last word had no entomological significance, but to anyone who knew anything, who was a regular attendant of the sixpenny cinema, it simply meant batty, nuts, crackers or lobs.)

Wot did the people do? Where did they go—specially at night-time? . . . 'Im for 'ome.

The sound of a low whistle roused him from despondent dreams of the better life and Billiter's Rents. Good. Here was the Gob and Chimp.

With striking symptoms of extreme caution, two members of the Black Hand Gang crept round the corner of the church and, dodging from tombstone to tombstone, approached their local and temporary leader.

"Wot 'ol Iler," cried the larger of the two. "'Ow yer goin' on?"

"I ain't. 'I'm goin' orf," was the reply. And, with complete change of voice, added in a high falsetto: "Aime gowing 'ome to lunch."

"Lunch, blimey!" he continued in more natural manner. "That's wot they calls it!"

"'Stright," agreed the Gob, "and they calls supper 'dinner.' And to 'arf the things yer sy, they ses 'Ol 'Ush!"

"Ar," agreed Chimp. "Yer spends 'arf yer time 'ushin' and the other 'arf wonderin' wot yer better 'adn't sy next. 'Streuth!"

The boys fell silent, contemplating the strange habits of their well-meaning hosts, the misery of their lot and the horrors of war thus far revealed unto them.

"Jer get to that plice?" inquired Iler, breaking the brooding silence.

"Yus," replied the Gob. "There ain't no one there. We goes from door to door asking 'Chink Gottl livin' 'ere?' and they wags their ally 'eads and looks like we're talkin' Yiddish or somethink."

"'Spose we can't find none of the rest of the gang, let's us three go 'ome alone," suggested the Gob.

"When we can't stick it any longer," replied Iler. And rising to his feet, added cryptically: "It's de oily wotm dat gits out by de bold . . . Me belly links me troat's cut . . . Lunch!" He spat contemptuously and then cried: "Come on!"

ILITER'S real name was a mystery, even to himself. His mother called him Dick or Dickie, but this could hardly be termed his Christian name inasmuch as he had never been christened. When asked as to his surname his mother said it was Garden, but as she had never married a single one of all her friends, Iler could have had no legal claim to it.

Should any inquisitive person—such as a police-officer, a London County Council school-attendance officer, an inspector of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, a slum-parson or some lady or gentleman warrior of the Salvation Army—press the boy closely on the subject he would admit to one that his name was Gusti Ponker; to another that it was Thomas Tidler; to a third that it was Oratio Nelson, John Ripper, Sweeney Todd, or Alexander Sloper. (Why the 'ell couldn't they look after their own perishin' names—and scribble 'em on an ensanguined wall?)

The name of Iler, by which he was honorably known to all his friends and acquaintances, had been given to him in a moment of exasperation, and perhaps rueful admiration, by Chink Gottl, captain and leader of the Blackand Gang of Billiter's Rents.

Chink Gottl's own name was a curious one and a synthetic, as his father was a Chinese gentleman of no fixed abode that was known to the police, and of no visible means of support—or only very briefly visible, as slipped in secrecy, darkness and a tiny white packet, from one grimy hand to another.

On the proceeds of this unostentatious work, he had set up house-keeping in a Limehouse cellar with Blanca Gottl, the organ-grinder's daughter, and begotten a son who was given his mother's name and his father's nickname . . .

It was something a little self-assertive, truculent, forceful, rebellious and quarrelsome about the newly-joined member, something different, brainy, resourceful and resolute, that had caused Chink one day to inquire of this bloke Garden as to who he thought he was—Iler or the Lor'mare o' Lummon?

Thereafter, when the fellow cast ridicule and contempt upon his leader's schemes and proposals, Chink Gottl would address him scathingly as Young Iler; and, for years before the outbreak of Hitler's War, it was as "Iler" that Garden was known.

THAT Chink should have been well aware of the attributes of Herr Hitler thus early and accurately was due to the fact that the elderly fence for whom Chink worked was also a Hyde Park orator ("Nothink like lettin' the perlice see plenty of yer and know all about yer") and a pot-house politician whose objection to Dictators of every kind was strong. He was by conviction a Communist and by nature an anti-everything.

So to Chink Gottl it seemed good that the lkey, uppish and cocky-chopped boy should be given an opprobrious nickname that summed up both the deficiencies and self-sufficiencies of his undesirable character.

The Blackand Gang of which Iler was a prominent and, by the rank-and-file, highly approved member was not, up to the glorious year of grace 1939 a very desperate or dangerous one.

Certainly not in the neighborhood of Billiter's Rents where, under the wise guidance of Chink Gottl, it confined its activities to what he called small-time rackets and knocking down ginger—the former producing such insignificant spoils as are the fruits (literally) of barrow-snatching—apples, oranges, bananas, and so forth; the latter providing merely light amusement and diversion.

On the other hand, when time and opportunity were ripe and Chink Gottl announced that business was even more important than pleasure, the activities of the Blackand Gang were frequently such as would lead them from the paths of wickedness to Borsal or into an Approved School, had they been caught red-handed by the police.

However, inasmuch as only one of them, he known as the Gob, had ever been apprehended (and, being at that time of the tender age of six, had stoutly refused to squeal), depredation, deeds of profitable mischief and plain, undeniable thefts and house-breaking, if not burglaries, had never been traced to the Blackand Gang of Billiter's Rents.

Thus it was that Chink Gottl and his followers were merely and tolerantly known to their own local police as Young Devils and not—what under less sagacious leadership they might have been—as Habitual Juvenile Criminals.

But cunning and artful as Chink Gottl, constantly advised by his friend and patron, the fence, Uncle Joe Schinkler, might be in his leadership of the Blackand Gang, there could be no doubt that many of his fine schemes were greatly improved by Iler's suggestions, when they were not so derided by that upstart as to be altogether abandoned.

Well might Chink feel that there would have to be a show-down before long; in fact, a purge of the gang. For there was undeniably another party arising and growing fast.

However, Chink being older, bigger and far stronger physically, if not mentally, morally and spiritually, than Iler, there was at present no question as to leadership, no cause for fear, and no hurry.

So the gang flourished in raucous, bickering harmony, obeyed its leader implicitly, studied gangster films assiduously, perfected its technique, and improved its knowledge of the language believed to be spoken in the Bowery, East Side slums, Chicago dives, and the palatial apartments of the gangster barons.

To such rare females of the species as, with Chink Gottl's approval, were upon occasion allowed "to run with the gang," they alluded as their gun-wives.

And week by week and month by month Iler's influence, power and position in the gang had steadily increased until Chink began to feel by no means sure that a beating-up and expulsion from the gang would prove the perfect solution that he had imagined. He could beat him up all right, and he could kick him out all right, but suppose the whole bloomin' gang followed him?

Not so bloomin' easy. What Iler needed was to be taken for a ride and bumped off. Only there was nothing to take him in, nor to bump him with.

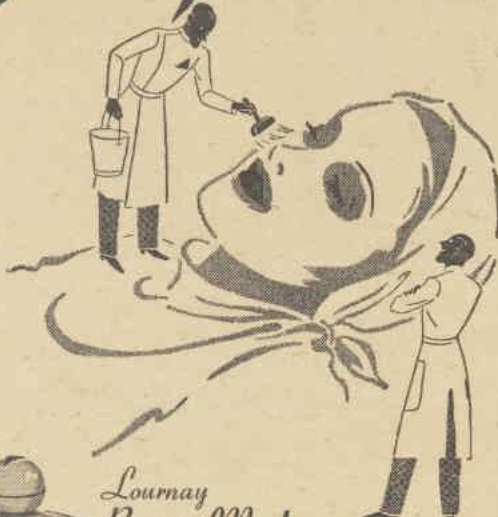
Iler! Sneerin', cocky, stuck-up young lkey.

Chink Gottl 'ud show 'im . . . War to the knife . . . Iler!

Then came a greater war, the dispersal of the Blackand Gang and the arrival in Little Pudding of Iler and his colleagues the Gob and the Chimp.

To be continued

## Beauty Mask



Lournay  
Beauty Mask

10/6

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from a lovely skin if you do

not give it every care. If your

mirror tells you candidly of blemishes

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Beauty Mask. Created from a secret formula, Lournay

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4/9



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COSMETICS

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# WRITERS IN THE STARS

## ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

**Librans should not depend on others to any appreciable extent. They should learn to think and act for themselves.**

**T**his time of the year belongs to Librans—people born between September 23 and October 24—and while the majority of them seem to need the encouragement and co-operation of others they must appreciate that this is not good for the development of their self-assurance and confidence.

When they choose partners (marriage or business or any particularly close associate) those born under the sign of Aquarius (January 20 to February 19) or Gemini (May 22 to June 22) will nearly always prove most satisfactory and harmonious for them.

The sign of Sagittarius (November 23 to December 22) or Leo (July 23 to August 24) may also be selected from with good results.

They are often attracted to Arians (March 21 to April 21), but in most cases partings, losses, or continual oppositions tend to wear down the friendship until in some cases it turns to hatred.

Librans must see to it that when they make decisions of importance they do not allow others to interfere. They are gifted with high intuitive faculties, and should use them.

### The Daily Diary

**UTILISE** the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Be on guard against loss, disappointment, opposition and upset, especially on October 5 and 6. On October 5 (after 5 p.m.) try to avoid unpopularity and discord with superiors, or hurra and rashness. The same thing applies to October 6 (early evening).

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Unspectacular for most Taurians, but gains possible through past endeavors. Work hard on October 2 (about 6 p.m.) or October 3 (between noon and 1 p.m.), but avoid rashness. September 30 and October 1 poor.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): Place fairly ambitious plans in working order, and seek advancement, favors, changes, and happiness. Your stars favor you now. Make much of September 30 (between 2 and 7 p.m. only), October 1 (midday), the same applies to October 1, October 4 (after 7.30 p.m.) and October 6 (from noon to 2 p.m.). Very fair. Work hard.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 22): Don't take risks now, for you can bring troubles upon yourself, especially on October 5, September 30 (between 5 a.m. and 2 p.m.), October 3 (early), October 8, and October 7 (sunrise) adverse also.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Quite fair for modest advancements. Work hard and plan well for October 4 (early evening) and October 6 (sunrise and midday).

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Consolidate recent gains, but do not venture into new projects. Poor on October 3 and 4.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Hard work and wisdom can help you to realize ambitions and desires now. Make much of September 30 (between 2 and 7 p.m. only), October 1 (midday) and October 7 (same hours). But be cautious on October 5 and 6 (early).

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 22): Unspectacular for most Scorpions, but begin to plan ahead. Better times are coming. Meanwhile, September 30 is a.m. to 2 p.m. only, and October 1 (midday) poor. October 2 (near 6 p.m.) and October 4 (from 3 to 8.30 p.m.) helpful; October 7 (around dusk) poor.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Quite fair for many Sagittarians, especially on October 4 (early evening) and October 6 (around sunrise and 1 to 2 p.m.).

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): Beware of difficulties, worries, delays and annoyances this week, especially on October 5 (worst) and 6. Do not begin new ventures or make important changes. Consolidate past gains along unspectacular lines.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): A good time to seek those changes, favors, promotions or other ambitions you have in mind. Plan well and work hard, especially on September 30 (from 2 p.m. to 7 p.m. only) and October 1 (during same hours; earlier hours adverse). October 4 (around 7 p.m.) and October 6 (near sunrise and from noon to 3 p.m.) very fair. October 7 poor.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Plan ahead. Meanwhile concentrate on getting routine matters in hand. October 2 (close to 6 p.m. only) very fair. October 3 (late evening) also fair.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are endeavoring to solve the mystery of the Walking Mummy at the Orient Museum.

**DR. WHITE:** The director, and his daughter, **SONNY:** Are helping them, and after they have cornered and unmasked the Walking Mummy

**DR. BENDAR:** Assistant Curator, admits that the "mummy" is his wife and threatens to kill Mandrake and his assistants. However, by means of hypnotism, Mandrake makes famous statues in the museum speak threateningly to the thugs, who are badly scared. **NOW READ ON:**



MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . On sale at all newsagents . . . Price 6d.



# William Wilson's Racket

Continued from page 4

"YOU go up in a lift," Lady Patricia explained, "and there's a big marble corridor, and a ground-glass door with 'William and Wilhelmina Wilson' on it."

Her expression was now one of active fury, which she tried to conceal. As though remembering to be maternal, she lifted the Pekingese, shook it in the air, and cooed to it with pouted lips. The dog sneezed the hair out of its eyes and looked bored. She dropped it.

"I opened the door," she said, "and there was a big waiting-room. Empty. Some rather good bronzes and etchings, too. I called out. I rapped on the table. But nobody answered. Just when I was wondering what to do, Flopfit here . . . tizzums, precious! . . . Flopfit found another door, and began to bark."

She drew a deep breath. "I opened that door. It was a big office, like a secretary's office. In the middle was a big flat-topped desk, with a swivel-chair behind it. In the chair sat Frankie, my Frankie. And on his lap, with her arms round his neck, sat a horrible red-haired hussy, about nineteen years old."

This time it was a near thing. Colonel March's cough was so prolonged and strangled that a blind man would have noticed something wrong. Lady Patricia's hard eye noted it, and hated it. But she had to speak now.

"Well, really! I mean to say! I hope I'm broadminded, but—! My dear man, I was boiling; positively boiling. I didn't say anything. I just picked up Flopfit by his precious neck, and walked out, and slammed the door. I walked across the waiting-room, and out into the hall."

"But I didn't go any farther. After all, I have Frankie's good at heart. And Frankie is awfully rich, and it didn't seem right that she should get his money, whereas I . . . I mean, when you've worked and slaved for a man, as I've worked and slaved for Frankie . . . well, it's rather thick. Isn't it?"

"I waited in front of the door. Finally, I decided to go back and have it out with them. Back I marched into the waiting-room; and there I met somebody I hadn't seen before. A well-dressed elderly man. Rather distinguished-looking: bald except for white hair at the back of his head, curling down nearly to his collar."

"He said, 'Yes, madam?'  
"I said, 'Who are you?'  
"He said, 'I am William Wilson, at your service. Have you an appointment?'"

"I just froze him. I asked to see Mr. Hale. He had the nerve to raise

his eyebrows and say that Frankie wasn't there; that he had never heard of any Mr. Hale and didn't know what I was talking about. I said I also supposed he didn't know anything about a red-haired girl either? He looked surprised and said he imagined I must mean Miss Wilhelmina Wilson, his niece and secretary—think of it!—but he still knew of no Mr. Hale.

"Well, really, that was too much! I just walked past him and opened the door to the office where I'd seen Frankie before. Frankie wasn't there; but the red-haired girl was. She was standing in front of another little door, which led to a kind of cloakroom, and looking disgustingly guilty. I simply pushed her out of the way, opened the door, and looked in. But . . ."

Lady Patricia mortlake gulped. "Yes," prompted Colonel March. "Frankie wasn't there," she said. "He wasn't in the cloakroom?"

"He wasn't anywhere," returned the girl, lifting her shoulders. "There was only one other room, a big private office overlooking Piccadilly on the fourth floor. He wasn't hiding anywhere, because I looked. And there's no way out of any of the offices except through the door to the main corridor, where I'd been standing. Frankie wasn't there. But his clothes were."

**C**OLONEL MARCH started, visibly. "What?" he demanded.

"His clothes. The suit he'd been wearing; with his watch, and notecase, and papers, and key-ring, and the fountain-pen I gave him for his birthday. They were hanging up in a locker in the cloakroom. Clothes, but no Frankie. And he hasn't been seen since. Now do you wonder why I'm here?"

At first Colonel March had been listening with an indulgent air. Now his sandy eyebrows drew together. He took the pipe out of his mouth.

"Let me understand this," he said in a sharp and rather sinister voice. "You mean he literally disappeared?"

"Yes!"

"He couldn't, for instance, have slipped out while you were examining the various offices?"

"Without his clothes?" asked Patricia unanswerably.

There was a silence.

"Frankie!" she almost wailed. "Of all people, Frankie! Of course I suppose he could have sneaked out. For that matter, he could have climbed out of a window and down the face of the building into Picca-

dilly. But in his underwear? Frankie?"

"Suppose he had another suit of clothes there?"

"Why?" asked Patricia, again unanswerably.

It was not often that Colonel March found himself stumped, definitely left flat and up against it. This appeared to be one of the times.

"And what have you done since?"

"What could I do? He's not at his flat here, or at his place in the country. Not one of his friends, including his private secretary, seems to know where he is. I even tackled that dreadful Labor man he seems to have been so thick with recently; and I thought for a second he was going to burst out laughing. But even he swore he didn't know where Frankie was."

"Hm," said Colonel March.

"We can't make this public, you see. That would be dreadful. And so you're our last hope. Haven't you got any theory?"

"Oh, theories!" said Colonel March, waving a big arm irritably. "I can think of half a dozen theories. But they don't explain the main difficulty. Suppose any lurid theory you like. Suppose the mysterious William and Wilhelmina Wilson have murdered him and hidden his body. Suppose there is a sinister political conspiracy against him. Suppose Francis Hale has disguised himself and is masquerading as the distinguished-looking old gentleman with the white hair . . ."

Patricia sat up straight.

"A supposition," said the colonel grimly, "about as likely as any idea that he went walking about the streets in his underwear. But I repeat: suppose anything you like! It still won't explain the particular thing which puzzles me most."

"Which is?"

"The profession of William and Wilhelmina Wilson," answered Colonel March. "Any ideas, Roberts?"

Inspector Roberts, shutting up his notebook, ruminated on this.

"Well, sir—" he began hesitantly. "Yes, yes; go on!"

"Well, sir, the point seems to be this. Either Mr. Hale disappeared of his own free will, or else he didn't. And it looks to me as though he didn't."

"Oh? Why not?"

"The personal effects," said Roberts. "The watch and the notecase and the rest of it. If you were going to do a bunk somewhere, wouldn't those be the very things you'd take with you? It isn't as though he were trying to stage a fake suicide, or anything like that."

"Yes, you do." The colonel was irritable. "You told me a while ago that Hale, in one of his fits of being fed up—ahem!—in one of his more erratic moments, got drunk at a Corporation banquet. What did he drink?"

"His visitor set her jaw. "Everything," she said. "Beginning with cocktails and going all the way through to brandy. He simply sloshed it down. My father was frantic."

"And how did it affect him? Hale, I mean?"

"They said he never made a better speech. He mixed up the pages in reading it; and, to anybody who really knew what the speech was about, it sounded horrible. But nobody noticed anything. They even seemed to like it: which was a mercy, because—"

Colonel March rubbed his hands together. He was utterly pleased and absorbed, with a smile which threatened to dislodge the pipe from his mouth. Then he went over and patted his guest on the shoulder.

"Go home," he said. "Go home, take an aspirin, and stop worrying. Inspector Roberts and I are going to call on the Wilsons. I have every reason to believe I see a way out of the difficulty. In fact, I think I can promise it, now that I am able to guess—"

"Guess what?" demanded Lady Patricia, lifting the dog and shaking it at him.

"The racket of William Wilson," said Colonel March.

A smooth-slipping lift took them up to the fourth floor of number 250a Piccadilly. A holy calm, as of a temple, pervaded these marble premises. The names William and Wilhelmina Wilson were printed on the ground-glass door in black lettering as discreet as a visiting-card. Motioning Inspector Roberts to precede him, Colonel March opened the door.

## WHAT'S the Answer

### TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON THESE QUESTIONS:

- 1—"October, the maiden of bright yellow tresses"—as our own poet, Henry Kendall, called her in his poem "Spring in Australia"—"The Ballad of the Drover"—"Bell Birds"—"The West Wind."
- 2—A clever general, Russia's Marshal Budenny. At the outset of the war he was entrusted with the defence of Russia's northern sector—the Ukraine—Leningrad—the central sector.
- 3—So long as you had milk, sugar, eggs, and cornflour you could produce Blancmange—custard—junket—Spanish cream.
- 4—Since studying A.E.P. so diligently, you easily recognise phosgene as a variety of Tear gas—nose gas—lung gas—blister gas.
- 5—The Shah of Iran abdicated a couple of weeks ago. His successor, Shah Mohammed Reza, is His son—his brother—his cousin—the peasant leader of a patriot band.
- 6—Next to Australia, the world's largest island is New Guinea—Greenland—Iceland—Borneo—Madagascar—Baffin Land.
- 7—Now try your hand at sorting out from all these "ologies" the one which concerns the study of languages: Ethnology—philology—morphology—histology.
- 8—Remember that popular song hit, "A Bachelor Gay"? It's from the musical play "New Moon"—"The Desert Song"—"The Maid of the Mountains"—"Show Boat"—"The Chocolate Soldier."
- 9—A millennium means a very great number of years—in fact, to be exact: A thousand—ten thousand—five thousand—a million.
- 10—And which of these famous explorers was first to reach the South Pole? Captain Amundsen—Sir Ernest Shackleton—Captain Scott—Sir Douglas Mawson.

Answers on page 38

One minute he's comfortably in that office, with the young lady in his lap—Roberts coughed, and looked swiftly away from their guest—and the next he's gone. That's the part I don't like."

Colonel March grunted.

"And yet," pursued Roberts, "if that pair have managed to make away with him, I can't for the life of me see how or why. It's like something out of Edgar Allan Poe."

He broke off, for a curious expression crossed Colonel March's face; it was as though he had been hit across the back of the head with a club. Again he took the pipe out of his mouth.

"Good lord!" he muttered, in a hollow voice like a ghost. "I wonder if that could be it?"

"If it could be what?" demanded Lady Patricia.

"The name," argued Colonel March, half to himself, "might be a coincidence. On the other hand, it might be most infernally apt: the seal of Wilson." He turned to Lady Patricia. "Tell me. Can Francis Hale hold his liquor?"

She stared back at him. "I don't know what on earth you're talking about!"

"Yes, you do." The colonel was irritable. "You told me a while ago that Hale, in one of his fits of being fed up—ahem!—in one of his more erratic moments, got drunk at a Corporation banquet. What did he drink?"

"His visitor set her jaw. "Everything," she said. "Beginning with cocktails and going all the way through to brandy. He simply sloshed it down. My father was frantic."

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The waiting-room inside was softly lighted and carpeted. Magazines were scattered on a centre table for the convenience of those who waited; the point which raked Inspector Roberts' wits was what on earth they were supposed to be waiting for. And behind the reception-desk at the far end sat a pretty girl with light auburn hair. She was glancing through a copy of a fashionable weekly, and yawning delicately.

"Miss Wilson?" said Colonel March.

"Yes?" said Miss Wilson with polite briskness.

"I should like to see your uncle."

"Have you an appointment?"

"No."

"Then I'm afraid you must fill up one of these forms. Mr. Wilson never sees anybody without—"

Colonel March laid his official card on the desk.

For a few seconds Miss Wilson looked at it gravely, and then raised her head. If the notoriously frigid Francis Hale had "fallen for" Miss Wilson, Inspector Roberts for one did not blame him; she had blue eyes of a deceptive demureness, and a mouth of the sort called generous.

But if Roberts expected to see any sign of guilt or even nervousness, he was disappointed. What flashed across her face was a smile of almost unholy glee, which she instantly corrected.

"My uncle has been rather expecting you," she admitted. "Will you walk into our parlor?"

She led them through the secretary's office—with its famous desk and swivel-chair—to a third office overlooking Piccadilly.

Here, behind another flat-topped desk, sat a stout old gentleman with the manners of a cardinal. His glossy bald head was set off by a fringe of white hair which curved down to the back of his collar. He wore pince-nez, through which he was studying a pile of large photographs. He welcomed his visitors courteously.

"As my niece says," he told them, "I have been rather expecting you." His mouth tightened. "Please sit down. You had better remain too, Wilhelmina, my dear."

Please turn to page 38

## SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

Australian Women need no longer endure the disfigurement of unsightly hairs now that "Vanix" is available in this country.

### "VANIX"

Is manufactured by The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co. from the formula of Paul Van Schuyler. It is the only preparation of its kind—it dermalizes and completely destroys the hair tissue. "VANIX" is obtainable at 5/9 a bottle (6/1 posted) from Haffman Pty., Ltd., 310 George St., Sydney, and all 12 branches; Self's Pharmacy, 375 Ltd. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; C. A. Edwards, 228 Edwards St., Brisbane; and Bicks Chemists Ltd., 55 Rundle St., Adelaide.

## Comes 2 ways!



## A safe cleanser for all your cleaning!

Whether you pick Bon Ami Powder or the long-lasting Bon Ami Cake...you're sure of a cleanser that is free from harsh caustics and destructive grit. See how shining with cleanliness it leaves your bath, kitchen sink and refrigerator. How easily and thoroughly it cleans your stove and pots and pans. Make Bon Ami your only household cleanser. It's safe, it's quick—and it has a special polishing action all its own!

## Bon Ami Powder and Cake



"hasn't scratched yet!"



# DEEDS THAT THRILLED AUSTRALIA!

ILLUSTRATED BY HILL &amp; GORDON

"...IN SIGHT OF THE STRONGPOST NOYES CALLS ON HIS MEN FOR A BAYONET CHARGE, BUT THE ENEMY LAYS DOWN A TERRIFIC ARTILLERY AND MACHINE GUN BARRAGE... NOYES AND HIS MEN ARE HOPELESSLY OUT-NUMBERED BUT NOYES' UNDAUNTED COURAGE SAVES THE DAY..."

1 FROM BESIEGED TOBRUK, LIEUTENANT WILLIAM NOYES OF VAUCLUSE, SYDNEY MAKES A BOLD SALLY... HE LEADS HIS PLATOON TO ATTACK AN ENEMY STRONGPOST... BUT ENEMY TANKS BAR THE WAY... WITH ONLY A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER HE STALKS THEM... DESTROYS THREE...

• HOW LIEUTENANT WILLIAM NOYES OF N.S.W. WON THE MILITARY CROSS

3...IT PROVES AN INSPIRATION TO HIS MEN...THEY FOLLOW HIM ON...THE POST IS CAPTURED. THE ENEMY LOSES A GARRISON OF 130, CREWS OF 7 MACHINE GUNS, AND 11 ANTI-TANK GUNS, WITH PROTECTIVE INFANTRY.

## Old and new Diggers present arms in "Stand Easy"

### New humorous show for 2GB

"Stand Easy," which will have its premiere over the air from 2GB at 8 o'clock on the night of Saturday, October 4, is a half hour with the Diggers.

It is a show bristling with Digger humor, but there is drama aplenty as well as many snappy and tuneful musical numbers by well-known Australian composers.

"STAND EASY," which has been in preparation for months, is a picture of the lighter side of war, and features that sheer unadulterated Digger humor which looms so large in the unofficial histories of two wars.

There is plenty of music, too—mostly original compositions by

Jack Lumadine and other leading Australian song writers. In the first broadcast, for instance, there are two songs by Jack Lumadine—"It Will All Be the Same" and "You'll Always Find a Digger There"—as well as a number written by that well-known radio personality, Bimbo, who is now serving in the A.I.P. The title of his song is "In the Army."

Central characters in "Stand



QUEENIE ASHTON, one of the stars of "Stand Easy."

Easy" are the old Digger and the new—the veteran of 1914 coming up for more and the youngster of today marching side by side with him. It is their conversation which provides much of the comedy of army life.

Soldiers of the last war will find it stir many a memory of past feats of the Anzacs; while for the listener who has no knowledge of war at first hand it will provide a picture of that fighting spirit of the Digger that has made him the pride of Australia and the envy of the world.

"Stand Easy," which represents one of the heaviest programme investments ever made in Australian radio, will be heard from 2GB and other stations of the Macquarie Network at 8 o'clock every Saturday night.

## TAKE FAT OFF QUICKLY WITH BONKORA -

### LOSE 12 lbs. in 2 weeks!

Try this quick reducing treatment. Women all over Australia have found BonKora amazingly successful. Often when exhausting diet and strenuous exercise have failed this easy, pleasant method has brought instant results. Pounds of ungainly bulk have gone, in short time; BonKora's 3-stage method acts at triple speed. Excess fat goes first and you can stop treatment at any time; reduce at own speed according to the dose you take.

### EAT BIG MEALS, YET LOSE FAT

No need to go hungry—follow instructions in BonKora booklet and eat satisfying, tasty meals all through the course. BonKora rids the body of impurities and builds health while it breaks down fat. Users look better, feel younger from first days of treatment.

BonKora is harmless—no dangerous drugs or thyroid are used in its ingredients.

BonKora is 6/6 at all chemists. No increase in price because of Sales Tax. 2d. in stamps brings you FREE SAMPLE and full details. Should your chemist be out of stock, post 6/6 in postal order to World Agencies, Pacific House, 249 George Street, Sydney, N.S.W.



## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, October 1.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve — Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, October 2.—Goodie Reeve in Tales from the Talkies.

FRIDAY, October 3.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, October 4.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, October 5.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, October 6.—With the A.I.P. Overseas.

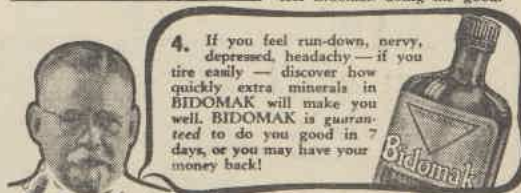
TUESDAY, October 7.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.



"I'M SICK AND TIRED OF THE LOT OF YOU"



(1) "I feel tired, nervous and irritable. The children are growing to hate me!" (2) "You need extra minerals! Nerves, irritability, are caused by their lack. BIDOMAK is rich in minerals. It will do you good quickly!"



Scolded children at least noise Mrs. D.M. of N.H. Wollakville, S.A., writes "I was very ill for months. My head ached horribly, in fact at times it seemed as though it would burst. I was so highly strung that I would scold the children at the least sound from them. From the first dose I could feel Bidomak doing me good."

4. If you feel run-down, nervous, depressed, headachy—if you tire easily—discover how quickly extra minerals in BIDOMAK will make you well. BIDOMAK is guaranteed to do you good in 7 days, or you may have your money back!

FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT "DEPRESSED FEELING" Take Guaranteed BIDOMAK

BIDOMAK provides iron, manganese and copper for the blood, calcium for bone development and sound teeth, phosphates and potassium for nerves and muscles, sodium for digestion. It is prepared by a qualified chemist in consultation with a doctor of medicine. Get a bottle of BIDOMAK today. It must do you good, or it will cost you nothing! 3/2 everywhere.

For COUGHS, COLDS, "FLU"—TAKE "MOUNTAIN" MIXTURE

The Australian Women's Weekly—Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of

The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss. Priests: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.



## Wonderful relief for SCALDS



An accident in the kitchen! A badly scalded hand... and the burning pain shot up my arm.

Luckily my sister was at home. She spread Rexoma Ointment on a bandage and laid it on the scalded part.



At once Rexoma gave relief. The fiery sting grew less. I kept up with the treatment and...

In a week the skin had completely healed. Rexoma's SIX special ingredients did a marvelous job for me.

1/7

IN THE GREEN TRIANGULAR TIN (3 TIMES THE QUANTITY, 3/3)



O.14.32

## Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orifex Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

## DOGGY BO.

Does your dog suffer? Wash him regularly with BARKO (Solid Dog Soap) to get rid of that doggy odour—gives him a beautiful, soft, glossy coat—makes him a pleasant companion.

BARKO (SODINE) 9d per cake. DOG SOAP! All Chemists.

## PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along... and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry... why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, headache and sick-feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.

Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples."

Miss M.P.

★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Aetevin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

## William Wilson's Racket

Continued from page 36

"In that case," said Colonel March, "I'll come straight to the point. Of course, your name isn't really Wilson?"

Mr. Wilson looked pained.

"Naturally not. It is a trade name. A—he waved his hand—"a flight of poetic fancy, if you like."

"Yes," said Colonel March, "That's what I thought, as soon as I guessed what your racket was."

Now Mr. Wilson seemed more than pained; he seemed hurt.

"Racket!" he protested. "My dear sir! No, no, no, not business, if you insist. Yes, say a business, and on a large scale. After all, I am a modern man who has simply seen a modern need for those who can afford it. I supply that need. And there you are."

"Aren't you afraid I'll give you away?"

Mr. Wilson permitted himself a slight smile.

"Hardly. If you were to look in there"—he indicated a row of filing-cases along one wall—"and see the names of some of my more illustrious clients, I hardly think you would talk of exposure. There is one client, for instance... but we must not be indiscreet."

He returned to an old grievance. "Profession, yes. Business, yes, but racket? Really, now! On the contrary I flatter myself that I am something of a public benefactor."

Inspector Roberts was a patient man. As Colonel March's assistant, he had to be. But there are limits to the human curiosity of even the best-trained subordinate.

"Sir," he suddenly cried, "I can't stand any more of this. Before I go completely off my chump, will you tell me what this is all about? What's going on here? What is the fellow's racket? And why should he call himself Wilson?"

All three of them looked at him—Mr. Wilson with a reproving cluck of the tongue, Miss Wilson with a smile, and Colonel March with unshaken blandness.

"He calls himself William Wilson," replied Colonel March, "after the story of the same name. That story was written by Edgar Allan Poe, as you so helpfully suggested. You don't remember the story?"

"No, sir, I can't say I do."

"William Wilson," said Colonel March, "met himself."

Roberts blinked.

"Met himself?"

"He met his own image," explained Colonel March, settling back comfortably. "I rather admire Mr. Wilson here. He is the proprietor of a unique agency. He provides doubles for eminent men and women in their unimportant public appearances, so that the real men can stop at home and get on with their work."

Mr. Wilson leaned across the desk and spoke earnestly.

"You would be surprised," he said, "at the call there is for our services. Consider the life of a public man! While he should be at work, custom demands that he make endless public appearances, none of them in the least a lot of good. He makes interminable tours of inspection; he lays corner-stones; he addresses mothers' meetings. Few

if any of the people he meets have ever seen him before, or will ever see him again. And a good double—"

Mr. Wilson drew a deep breath, rather sadly.

"I fear the idea is not mine," he went on. "It was tried out a few years ago by a very eminent American. He simply could not stand all the handshaking."

Wilhelmina Wilson intervened loyally.

"But you were the only one who saw its commercial possibilities," she cried, and sat down on the edge of his desk as though to defend him. She somewhat spoiled the effect of this by winking at Colonel March.

"Thank you, my dear," said Mr. Wilson.

"Our fees, of course, are considerable," he added apologetically. "But you have no idea of the difficulties. Once I had to send all the way to South Africa to get a passable double for... well, well, again we mustn't be indiscreet!" He closed his eyes and smiled happily. "Then there is the question of elocution, voice-training, and so on. On the whole, I am proud of my handiwork. The next time you go to a cinema and see a newswreel, watch very closely! You may see something that will surprise you."

Inspector Roberts was getting his breath back.

"Then Mr. Hale—" he began.

"Ah, yes," murmured the proprietor of the agency, brushing his dry palms together and frowning at Colonel March. "Mr. Hale! I imagine you saw a discrepancy when Mr. Hale's double, a promising young actor named Gabriel Fisk, got drunk at that banquet?"

The man's coolness left Inspector Roberts speechless. The Colonel took up the question.

"A DISCREPANCY," said Colonel March, "but probably not the discrepancy you mean. Wasn't that rather rash of him, by the way?"

"Perhaps," admitted Mr. Wilson sadly. "But the lesser of two evils. You see, we hadn't known that Mr. Hale's fiancée was to be present, otherwise we should not have risked it. So, in case Fisk made a bad slip of some kind, he had to have an excuse for making a slip. Mr. Hale is a notorious and genuine teetotaler. But then (I thought) even a teetotaler can change his mind."

Colonel March chuckled. "He can change his mind," said he. "What he can't change is his digestive system. He can't work his way through a huge wine-list from cocktails to brandy without either becoming ill or going to sleep. In a man who has never taken a drink in his life, I submit that it's a physical impossibility. When I heard of that little performance, I said to myself, 'It is magnificent but it isn't

### The answer is—

- 1—"Bell Birds."
- 2—"The Ukraine."
- 3—"Blancmange and custard."
- 4—"Lung gas."
- 5—"His son."
- 6—"Greenland."
- 7—"Philology."
- 8—"The Maid of the Mountains."
- 9—"A thousand."
- 10—"Captain Amundsen."

Questions on page 36

Hale! And, speaking of his fiancée..."

Wilhelmina Wilson stiffened. Throughout this conversation, she had several times seemed on the point of speaking. She still sat on the edge of her uncle's desk, staring moodily at the toe of her shoe. When Colonel March spoke, she looked at her uncle as though with appeal.

But Mr. Wilson remained unruffled.

"Ah, yes!" he said. "That unfortunate affair yesterday morning!"

"What was unfortunate about it?" the girl demanded, with sudden passion.

"Tush!" said her uncle, raising a gentle but admonitory forefinger. He looked distressed. "Colonel March, my niece is—impulsive. Like

her poor mother, my sister. And she is very fond of young Gabriel Fisk."

"You understand now what happened, I hope? That suit of clothes, with the notecase and watch and the rest of it, has nothing to do with the case. It's a supernumerary. Mr. Hale provided us with an exact duplicate of his possessions. I am an artist, sir, or I am nothing. Neither the suit nor its contents has been worn for a week. Fisk left it hanging there in the locker when he changed in that cloakroom after appearing at the Muswell Hill Flower Show last Tuesday week."

"Yesterday Fisk, in his ordinary clothes, came in for instructions. He and my niece—" Mr. Wilson coughed. "It was unfortunate that Lady Patricia Mortlake walked in when she did. Fisk, of course, simply slipped out when her back was turned. Unfortunately, Lady Patricia is a strong-minded person. She ransacked the place, found the suit, and suspected I hate to think what..." He shivered.

"And Hale?" asked Colonel March, without batting an eyelid. "The real Hale? Where is he now?"

Again Mr. Wilson was apologetic. "At his country place, with his head under the bedclothes until he can think of an excuse to explain his supposed conduct. Even if he tells the truth, I'm afraid Lady Patricia will not like it. And I shall probably—er—lose a client. Life," said Mr. Wilson, shaking his head, "is difficult."

"Yes."

"In any case, as I said before, you will respect our little secret? Our racket, as you prefer to call it?"

Colonel March got to his feet. Always an impressive figure, he now seemed to fill the room. He put on his soft hat at a more rakish angle than was seemly, and picked up his silver-headed stick. His speckled face was aglow.

"Candidly," he said, "I can't do anything else. You've got me. If I understand the situation, to show up this racket would be to wreck half the public reputations in England. We can't have that. The public demands to be deceived. By gad, it shall be deceived! So, if Miss Wilson vouches for the truth of this story—"

"Yes," said the girl, with her eyes on the floor.

"Then there's nothing more to be said. Sir, good day to you!"

"And to you, Colonel March," beamed Mr. Wilson. "Wilhelmina, my dear, will you show these gentlemen out?"

Wilhelmina did show them out. Yet she did not appear to be happy about anything. For the first time her manner displayed a trace of nervousness. In the outer office she suddenly stopped, and whirled round on them as though she were doing an exercise at drill.

"You old—" she began explosively, and then broke off to laugh; or cry—Colonel March was not sure which.

"What are you thinking?"

"Thinking?" repeated Colonel March, with massive innocence.

"Yes, you were! You know you were! I could see it in your face. What's the matter? Don't you believe our story even now? I swear to you that that suit of clothes—"

## Animal Antics



"Oh, George, look! Lounging pyjamas!"

and the watch, and the notecase, and the rest of it—really hasn't been touched for a week!"

"Oh, that?" said the colonel, as though enlightened. "I believe that."

"Then what is it? What were you thinking?"

"Well," said Colonel March, after looking round to make sure they were not overheard, "since you ask me, I was thinking about the dog."

"Dog?" she echoed blankly.

"Lady Patricia Mortlake's dog. An objectionable dog. But then I don't like Pekes." Colonel March reflected. "It had one quality, though, that I did notice. The dog Flopit took absolutely no interest in strangers. You could show it the whole personnel of Scotland Yard, and it never so much as opened an eye—let alone bark. It's the sort of dog which barks only when it scents or senses someone it knows very well."

"So, if it was Gabriel Fisk who was here with you yesterday, I only wondered why Flopit set up the clamor that drew Lady Patricia Mortlake's attention to you both."

While the blue eyes never left him, and an expression of implish animation survived even the embarrassed color of her face, Colonel March added a last word. "Stick to him," he advised in an even lower voice. "You'll be much better for him than that high-born shrew who's got his life planned out to the last musicale and reception."

"I've been in love with Frank Hale for a long time," the girl confessed. "But I thought it might be better for him if we said—"

"There's no reason for you and your uncle to lie in order to please her," said Colonel March. "As for Hale, there are still a few gleams of humanity in him. With you he may yet develop into a statesman. If he ever does, we shall see what we shall see. Good afternoon, Miss Wilson. Come along, Roberts. We must go and find some more queer complaints."

(Copyright)

## "Damp-set"

YOUR HAIR...



America, and now Australia, is wildly enthusiastic over the wonderful damp-setting discovery of a famous beauty chemist. You will be, too, for damp-setting with VELMOL is the quick inexpensive way to keep your hair in thrilling waves and curls on all occasions.

JUST 3 SIMPLE STEPS! 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush a few drops of VELMOL through the hair. 3. Arrange in waves and curls, in any way you wish, with fingers and comb. In about four minutes the job is finished.

Holds even a finger wave for days—yet never stiff or oily. Makes a "perm" last lots longer. Ask your chemist, hairdresser or store for VELMOL.



Clinton-Williams Pty. Ltd., Sydney



# The Homemaker

October 4, 1941

The Australian Women's Weekly

39

## NEW TRICKS with BUDGET FOODS . . .

● We were asked for a few minimum-cost recipes—up came a procession of ideas, cheap cuts of meat that can be made tender by long, gentle cooking. Tripe, liver, chump chops, chuck steak were with the meats; cabbage headed the vegetables; rhubarb popped up in the fruit section regardless of botanical classes; currants refused to be overlooked.

**W**E couldn't choose them all. Here are a few recipes that satisfy the appetite as well as having adequate calorie counts and mineral values.

### SALLY'S RHUBARB SPECIAL

One bunch rhubarb, 3 cups cooked rice, rind and juice of 1 orange, 2 egg-whites, 2 bananas, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water.

Wash rhubarb and cut up. Make a syrup of sugar and water and simmer rhubarb until tender but not broken. Cool, and then add rind and juice of orange. Whip egg-whites stiffly and fold in a tablespoon of sugar and two mashed bananas and add to rice. Lightly mix rice and rhubarb and pile into compote dishes.

### DINNER SCONE WHIRL

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup milk, 2 cups



AN EASY-TO-MAKE and economical sweet that is fit for a gourmet. Main ingredients are health-giving rhubarb and rice pepped up with cunning flavoring, and you will find the recipe on this page.

minced lamb, 1 dessertspoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon grated horseradish, 1 tablespoon chopped pars-

ley, 1 cup thick brown or white sauce, 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Make a soft scone dough with sifted flour, salt and baking powder and butter and milk. Roll to a long oblong shape and cover with a mixture of minced lamb, onion, horseradish, parsley and sauce. Roll up like a long swiss roll and form into a ring. Place on oven tray and make diagonal slashes across top of ring with a sharp knife. Glaze with milk and sprinkle with cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (temp. 400 deg. F.) for 25-30 minutes. Serve piping hot with a brown gravy.

### HOT FRUIT GINGERBREAD

Two cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon powdered ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup currants and sultanas, 1 cup milk, squeeze of lemon juice, 1 cup treacle, 1 or 2 eggs, 2oz. butter, 1 teaspoon lemon rind.

Sift dry ingredients together and add fruit. Add lemon juice, milk and treacle (yes, it should curdle), together with beaten eggs, melted butter and lemon rind. Pour into a greased swiss-roll tin. Cook in a moderate oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for 30 minutes.

### MINCEMEAT BACON BIRDS

One pound fine minced lamb, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1 cup breadcrumbs (stale), salt and cayenne, 1 egg, 1lb. bacon rashers, 1 teaspoon thyme, 1 tablespoon parsley, 1 cup stock, 1 cup tomato puree, 1 dessertspoon plain flour.

Combine minced lamb, onion, breadcrumbs, and seasonings and bind with beaten eggs; with floured hands shape into rolls. Cut bacon into lengths and wrap a piece around each roll. Secure with wooden picks. Place in a casserole dish, and pour over a sauce made by combining the flour, stock, and tomato puree. Cover and bake in a moderately hot oven (temp. 375 deg. F.) for 1 to 1½ hours. Garnish with tiny cutlet trills on wooden picks.

## Wartime economy . . . Peacetime nutrition

By MARY FORBES

● Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

### GOLDEN APPLE UPSY-DAISY CAKE

One large cooking apple, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, squeeze lemon juice, 3 dessertspoons butter, 3 tablespoons golden syrup, vanilla, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons milk, 6 tablespoons self-raising flour, pinch of salt.

Cream together butter and brown sugar and spread on the bottom of a tin cake tin. Peel and core apples and arrange slices on mixture. Cream butter and golden syrup, add a squeeze of lemon juice and then well-beaten egg. Sift flour and salt, and add alternately with milk and vanilla. Place on top of apples and cook in upper half of a moderately hot oven (temp. 350 deg. F.) for half-hour.

### CANDIED FRUIT BETTY

Two cups breadcrumbs, juice and rind of 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup water, 1 cup currants and sultanas, 1 tablespoon candied orange peel.

Make a syrup of golden syrup, butter, brown sugar, and water. Add lemon rind and juice. Add currants and sultanas and plump. Pour over breadcrumbs in a greased ovenproof dish. Sprinkle with peel and dot lightly with butter. Cook in a moderate oven (temp. 400 deg. F.) for half-hour.

for about 20 minutes, or until lightly browned and crisp.

### BACONISED CABBAGE

One half cabbage, 1 pint white sauce, 3 or 4 bacon rashers, 1 tablespoon breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, paprika, pepper and salt.

Wash and shred cabbage. Sprinkle with pepper and salt. Cook in a tightly-lidded saucepan with a very small quantity of water. Drain as soon as tender. Place in greased ovenproof dish. Grill or fry bacon until crisp; crumble and add to sauce. Pour over cabbage. Sprinkle with crumbs and cheese, and dust with paprika. Brown lightly and serve sizzling hot.

### PIQUANT LIVER CASSEROLE

One lamb's fry, 1lb. bacon rashers, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon seasoned flour, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 teaspoon herbs, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 diced beetroot, 1½ cups water or stock.

Wash, dry, and slice liver to ½-inch slices. Roll in seasoned flour and fry lightly in heated dripping. Pack in a casserole with layers of rinded bacon and diced beetroot, sprinkling each layer lightly with onion and herbs. Add water, lemon juice, and sauce. Cook very slowly (temp. 325 deg. F.) for 1½ hours.

## ROSELLA SPAGHETTI WITH CHEESE

Home to a meal that will always please, Rosella Spaghetti with tasty cheese.

Rosella Spaghetti with cheese—tasty, delicious and nourishing—ready to serve at a moment's notice when simply heated. Prepared from finest Australian wheat and perfectly flavored with a special tasty cheese. . . . Rosella Spaghetti is ideal for breakfast or lunch. Keep a tin always handy.

Also Tomato Soup, Sausages & Vegetables, Spaghetti with Cheese.

AUNTIE GRACE  
WAS A "FATTY-FOODER"  
And an early morning brooder  
Till we fixed her tummy troubles

with a bowl of  
CRISP RICE BUBBLES

Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are so crisp they crackle in milk with a snap, crackle, pop! So light and digestible they lay practically no stress on your stomach at all. That's why, when you change to this delicious, light and sustaining breakfast, you feel ever so much better right through the morning. Try them to-morrow.

"Rice Bubbles" are utterly distinct from any other ready-to-eat cereal. Product and process are protected by Australian Letters Patent Nos. 16524/28, 16525/28. "Rice Bubbles" is the trade mark of Kellogg's (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. for oven-popped rice.



# RECIPE PRIZE-WINNERS...

If you have a recipe that is your special favorite why not enter it in our weekly best recipe competition?

All you have to do is write out your recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

A prize of £1 is awarded each week to the best recipe received and every other recipe published earns a consolation prize of 2/6.

## BANANA CHOCOLATE CAKE

Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter, add 1½ cups brown sugar, and beat well. Add 2 eggs, one at a time, beating well after the addition of each. Stir in pulp of one banana (well mashed and beaten). Add three small squares of chocolate, melted and slightly cooled, and a little vanilla. Stir in alternately one cup of milk and two cups of flour sifted with one teaspoon of soda and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt. Bake in two buttered tins for

about 1 hour in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Fill with cream or banana filling, and ice top with light chocolate icing.

**Banana Filling:** Half-cup mashed bananas,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup castor sugar, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup stiffly-whipped cream, little vanilla.

Beat bananas, sugar, and salt. Stir in whipped cream and vanilla. Banana filling should be used same day.

First Prize of £1 to Miss G. I. Lawler, Darvall St., Rosanna N22, Vic.

## DOUGHNUTS

Two eggs, 1 breakfast cup of castor sugar, 2 grated nutmegs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons bicarbonate of soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 break-

fast cup of milk, sufficient flour to make a soft dough, pinch salt.

Beat eggs well, add castor sugar, nutmeg, bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar. Mix well. Add milk, then gradually sift in sufficient flour to make a soft dough. Roll into balls the size of an egg, and pat out or make into rings.

Cook in a saucepan of boiling lard 8-10 minutes. Lift out with a wire spoon, and while hot roll in sifted sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Betty Crean, 14 Edgar St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

## HONEY GINGERBREAD

Sift into basin 1lb. flour, 2 teaspoons ground ginger, 1 teaspoon

• This week's recipes show an interesting variety of tempting new dishes. You will love these cakes and sweets and savories that are the favorites with our readers.

## BREAKFAST ON THE MOUNTAINS.

THEN I TOOK MY DRIVER AND GOT A 'BIRDIE' AT THE 42.

I'LL GIVE HIM 'BIRDIE' IF HE'S NOT CAREFUL!

DID YOU KNOW THAT ONE HELPING OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES WITH MILK AND SUGAR IS EQUAL IN ENERGY VALUE TO THREE HELPINGS OF FISH OR FIVE SAUSAGES?

YOU'D BETTER HURRY UP DEAR - BREAKFAST'S READY!

SAVE ME A PLATE OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES! I'LL NEED THAT EXTRA NOURISHMENT!

NO DOUBT ABOUT THIS MOUNTAIN AIR, DEAR - IT GIVES YOU AN APPETITE!

YES, DARLING! THIS IS MY THIRD PLATE OF THESE DELICIOUS KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES!

WELCOME TO OUR LITTLE NEST HIGH UP IN THE MOUNTAINS!

PANSY! STOP DIGGING UP THAT LAWN OR YOU WON'T GET ANY 'KELLOGG'S' CORN FLAKES FOR BREAKFAST!

OH, LOOK! NEW ARRIVALS!

HOPE THEY DON'T PLAY TENNIS! IT'S HARD ENOUGH TO GET ON THE COURT AS IT IS!

EH, CLARENCE! DID YOU KNOW THAT ONE HELPING OF KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES WITH MILK AND SUGAR PROVIDES SUFFICIENT ENERGY TO PLAY FOUR SETS OF CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS?

STANLEY, PUT THOSE KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES BACK ON THE TABLE! YOUR FATHER AND I ARE GOING FOR A LONG HIKE, AND WE'LL NEED THAT ENERGY!

LOOK, HUBERT! WE COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER PLACE - THEY SERVE KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES FOR BREAKFAST!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND THEY'RE MADE FROM THE CHOICEST WHITE AUSTRALIAN CORN TAKEN FROM PRE-SELECTED CROPS!

THE WAY HE PLAYS HE COULD GO ON ALL DAY!

THEY ALWAYS GET UP FROM THE TABLE HAPPY WHEN YOU GIVE THEM KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES. NOTHING CAN COME NEAR THOSE BIG GOLDEN FLAKES FOR FLAVOUR AND CRISPNESS!

If there's one breakfast that pleases everyone—it's a heaping bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. This energising breakfast treat is packed full of flavour. Rich, tantalising, utterly irresistible flavour. And talk about crisp! Kellogg's Corn Flakes come rustling out of that wax-tite innerseal wrapper, as crisp as if you'd taken them straight out of your own oven. Don't fail to get a packet from your grocer right away!

Always say Kellogg's before you say CORN FLAKES



KEEP THOSE pieces of tissue paper that come in your dress-boxes with your new summer frocks, says Miss Precious Minutes. Then when you wear a black frock with a high-fitting neckline, tuck the paper around the neck before putting on your make-up. You will keep a date looking as immaculate as MGM star Ann Sothern.

## Miss Precious Minutes says:

powdered cinnamon. Add 2oz. brown sugar, grated rind 1 lemon, mix well. Put into saucepan 6oz. lard or dripping, 1 cup honey, juice lemon, and melt over slow heat.

Pour mixture into hollow in centre of dry ingredients. Add 2 eggs, well beaten, and 1 gill warm water in which 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda has been dissolved.

Mix from centre outward until thoroughly blended (mixture should be fairly thick). Beat few minutes, then pour into well-greased baking-dish. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Callaghan, Chillingham, Tweed River, N.S.W.

## WESTERN CASSEROLE

Wash, peel and dice 4 cups apples, put in alternate layers in well-greased casserole with 3 cups of cooked diced sweet potatoes. Sprinkle with 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8th teaspoon pepper. Trim 6 pork chops, spread thinly with prepared mustard, arrange them on top of apple mixture. Cover, and bake in oven 1 hour, removing lid last half an hour to brown chops lightly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Gloria Burns, 12 Chatswood Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.

## STUFFED BACON ON TOAST

One cup stale breadcrumbs, 3 sheep's kidneys, beaten egg, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon parsley, 6 rashers bacon, 1 small onion, tomatoes and breadcrumbs to garnish. Buttered toast.

Mix crumbs with chopped onion, and add parsley. Season to taste, moisten with beaten egg, then spread mixture on bacon slices, cut in halves. With small skewers fasten each piece round a quarter of sheep's kidney. Bake in hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve on rounds of hot buttered toast. Garnish with halved, grilled tomatoes, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, pepper and salt.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss K. M. Cairns, 6 Oakleigh Ave., Thornleigh, N.S.W.

## BRAISED VEAL OLIVES

Olives: Take 2lb. veal steak, 2 or 3 carrots and onions, 1 small turnip, small sprig each of parsley and thyme, seasoning, stock, 6 thin streaky rashers. Cut veal very thin, beat it with wooden rolling-pin dipped in cold water, then cut into oblong pieces, removing skin. Spread each piece with stuffing, roll up and fasten with string or a tiny skewer. Flour rolls and brown in a saucepan with a little hot dripping and put on a plate.

Cut vegetables in cubes, and with them form a bed in bottom of pan. Steam for a few minutes in the fat, coloring vegetables very slightly.

Pour off fat, arrange veal on top

RUST-SPOTS can be easily removed from nickelled surfaces by applying ordinary petroleum jelly and rubbing it off after several days with a rag dipped in ammonia.

REMOVE stale smell of tobacco smoke in a room by putting a teaspoonful of eau-de-Cologne in a tin and setting it alight.

DISCOLORED handkerchiefs can be made white again by adding a few drops of peroxide of hydrogen to the water in which they are boiled.

TO give fried bacon a delicious new flavor soak it for a few minutes in cold water, roll in flour to which a teaspoon of mixed spice has been added, dip in beaten egg and fry.

A DUSTER dampened with eau-de-Cologne, dipped in whiting and rubbed on piano-keys, one at a time, will whiten dirty and discolored keys. Polish with an old silk handkerchief.

KEEP the water in which potatoes have been boiled and use it for washing silver. It will make spoons and forks bright and remove stains.

of vegetable layer and pour in sufficient boiling stock to reach almost to top of vegetables. Add thyme and parsley, cover all with buttered paper, put lid on pan and cook gently for about 1 hour or till all are tender (15 minutes on top and 15 minutes in oven). Remove string or skewers, arrange olives on a dish, garnish with bacon rolls, and serve with slightly thickened gravy, using stock from pan.

To Make Stuffing: Mix 3oz bread-crumbs with 2 teaspoons finely-chopped onion and 2 dessertspoons chopped parsley, adding grated rind of 1 lemon, mixed herbs and seasoning, then stir in 1lb. butter (melted) and moisten with egg or milk.

To Make Bacon Rolls: Cut rind from rashers, halve them crosswise, roll and skewer them and cook under grill or in oven. Left-over trimmings of veal can be minced, mixed with a few breadcrumbs, seasoned and flavoured to taste, moistened with stock, formed into cakes and floured, and fried.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.



# GETTING READY FOR SUMMER

● Nothing is lovelier than a glowing tan complexion . . . nothing more fatal to charm than a skin coarsened from exposure to the sun. So, sun addicts, acquire your tan gradually and follow these hints carefully.

By JANETTE



**Y**OU have looked fragile and sweet all winter in clinging evening gowns complemented by a milk-and-roses complexion, and now, with summer approaching, you find you have a problem on your hands. To tan or not to tan—that is the question. If you are not a suntan devotee—this is not for you. But if you don't like looking all pink-and-white

*THIS wise surf enthusiast carefully massages her face and hair with protective oil before taking a dip.*

during the swimming, tennis-playing season—here is some pertinent advice.

No matter how young or how flawless your skin—use a powder base on hot summer days. Even a baby's skin dries up under a summer sun. So don't just cross your fin-



MGM STARLETS Ann Morris and Mary Howard cover up after their half-hour sunbake. Both girls are wearing slinky suits in the popular red-and-white color theme.

LANA TURNER, MGM star, plays up to her fair hair with a golden-tan skin and a figure-hugging swimsuit in green and gold. (Left.)

gers and hope for the best. Incidentally, use the darkest color you can. Of course, if you're naturally as fair as a lily, don't make your face a brown mask. That tends towards smeary make-up.

Try a clear red moist rouge instead of powder rouge for a change and put it on directly over your foundation cream. Then powder—but no ordinary powder.

Use a suntan shade, start at your chin, working up towards the forehead—then take a soft baby brush and smooth out the "picture." Remember, when you make up your face you're an artist painting your own portrait.

Use a light hand on the summer make-up. Follow nature and you can't go wrong. If you're suffering from sun-blistered skin your most important task is to lubricate your skin. Don't be afraid of a nightly face-washing in lukewarm water with a mild soap—even if it stings a little.

But don't forget—or procrastinate with—a follow-up of olive oil on the neck and face, with accent on the neck! Steam the oil into the face with warm towels and pat, don't rub, your face dry!

Then for your hair! The summer sun is every bit as hard on the hair as on the skin, and the former takes longer to recover from too much exposure. So prepare for a day out of doors by spraying your hair lightly with brilliantine.

## Care of the lips

**Y**OUR lips need extra care, too. Put a light oil over your lipstick and then powder them lightly. The oil and powder provide a kind of glaze that both looks and is moist and prevents the lips from cracking.

If you are heavily suntanned avoid like a plague the lipsticks and rouges with a purple tinge. There can be no more unsightly color scheme for summer make-up than gobs of black mascara, black eye-shadow, and purple-toned rouge and lipstick.

It is impossible to generalise about tints, because blondes, brunettes and redheads do not suntan the same color. Some skins become very dark, others merely a golden tan. When in doubt, pretend your face is a new dress.

What color accessories would you choose to go with brown, or tan or gold? Then select your eye-shadow, your lipstick and your rouge accordingly. Perfect harmony in make-up will be your reward.

**SPECIAL OFFER**

GET YOUR NEW IMPROVED

# Tek

TOOTHBRUSH

WITH FREE EGG CUP

**1/9**

The new improved Tek is the finest toothbrush made. Its best quality natural bristles are specially treated by a patented Johnson & Johnson process to give four times longer life. The new Tek, shaped right to fit everywhere in your mouth, now lasts more than four times longer than old-style brushes.

And right now, with every Tek you buy, you get an attractive, coloured egg cup. Price 1/9.

Product of Johnson & Johnson, World's largest makers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, Mace, etc.

Always look for the name

# MORLEY

ON UNDERWEAR AND KNITWEAR





MARIE DIONNE has defective vision that is slowly being improved by treatment prescribed by Dr. Dajoe after consultation with specialists. It includes bandaging her comparatively good left eye for varying periods daily, as shown here, to induce greater use and development of her weaker right eye.

Effective and easy to grow

## FLOWERING CACTI

● In recent years the cultivation of cacti has increased enormously in Australia, despite attempts by officialdom to prevent the spread of these plants to inland districts.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

THIS is due, of course, to the fact that the original prickly pear was an escapee from the garden and has cost millions to control.

The lovely climbing cacti grow very easily in any sandy soil containing a little humus, and their gorgeous, orchid-like blooms are most decorative.

Some of these climbing types bear enormous flowers, often 16 inches across, others are much smaller, but all are equally beautiful.

Many others are grown not so much for their flowers but on account of their remarkable shapes. In this class comes the cephalocereus senilis (old-man cactus), which has whitish "hair" and is a most peculiar and interesting variety.

The neomammillaria longicoma is a round, spiny plant with small, brightly colored flowers, and reboutia minuscula, another globular type, bears colorful small flowers among a myriad of small spines.

For the home gardener who is incapacitated and cannot dig or do other jobs necessitating manual labor, cacti offer an excellent hobby. They require the absolute minimum of attention, and once potted or

planted in troughs or bays in the garden look after themselves.

Huge collections have been built up in parts of New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and Queensland, and some nurserymen now specialise entirely in the production of these interesting plants.

To the beginner, the epiphyllum or winter-flowering cactus (which is practically spineless) is an ideal first choice, or perhaps a heliocereus or echinocereus.

Potted plants require careful preparation, and at least quarter to one-third of the pot should consist of broken flower-pot, stone, or coarse gravel for drainage. Some pieces of charcoal at the bottom of the pot will also be helpful. Coarse, gravelly soil or sharp sand, some crushed ironstone grit, a very little sandy loam are an ideal compost for most desert types of cactus plants.

Epiphyllums and cacti of similar habits need rather more loam, and some peat-moss or old turf included with the grit.

Stapellas are also most interesting plants belonging to the succulents. There are dozens of different forms and practically all have extraordinary flowers with unpleasant smells.

Stapella nobilis is a common

## "Medico" Tells You What to do

**P**ATIENT: Doctor, I have had to wear glasses for many years to correct a defect of vision which, I have been told, could have been easily remedied if it had received attention when I was a child. How can I protect the eyes of my own children now, and so save them from being handicapped?

**DOCTOR:** Far too often now do we hear the cry, "If only attention had been given to my eyes when I was young." A defect which could have been easily corrected during childhood is allowed only too often to develop into something far more serious.

A squint, for instance, is often neglected because it is believed (quite incorrectly) that the child will "grow out of it." Actually the

longer a squint is left untreated the more fixed and permanent it is likely to become, and the vision in the weak eye, being unused, will become less and less.

While a squint is an obvious defect and there is no excuse for neglecting it, there are many other eye troubles which are not so easily recognised and unless specially looked for may develop unnoticed.

Very often, for example, a child may appear dull and backward at school when actually he is handicapped by defective vision and is not to blame for his apparent dullness. Or a boy may try hard at games like cricket and tennis, which call for keen eyesight, and yet never improve because his vision is blurred. Short-sightedness, too, may pass unnoticed except that it gives rise to a tendency to stoop and peer and so lead to round shoulders and bad posture.

remedy astigmatism, too. Astigmatism makes perfect focusing of objects impossible.

Eyes may be strained after an illness if they are overtaxed. Remember that when disease weakens the muscles of the body the eye muscles are also weakened. To minimise the risk of eyestrain, which very often follows the infectious diseases of childhood, the convalescent child should not be allowed to read, but rather encouraged to amuse himself with new toys, modelling wax, or any other things that will not strain his eyes.

Reading in bed is a bad habit for children to acquire, too, as after an active day a child's body needs rest and relaxation. Brain and eyes should not be overtaxed.

Should an examination of the eyes be necessary, it is advisable to consult a doctor who is a specialist in eye troubles. Your family doctor will be able to recommend one.

Attention to these details during childhood will ensure better vision and eye comfort in adult life.



ONE of the loveliest, yet also the easiest to grow, is the climbing cactus. The beautiful flowers vary in color from pure white to rich crimson.

variety, the flowers being shaped like a starfish, covered with hairs and of a strange mixture of yellow and purple colors.

The construction of a cactus dish or house-garden provides a distinctly novel air to a conservatory, glassed-in verandah, or sunroom. They are easily built by any handy man or woman from concrete, an old meat-dish and a few stones, and many miniature cacti of flowering or non-flowering habits can be dotted around in them.

Some of the best varieties for this purpose are neomammillarias, escobarias, chamaecereus, and epithelanthas. In making dish gardens it is usual to include some of the small succulents, and stapellas are ideal for this purpose, as they are mostly of dwarf habit.

### Signs and symptoms

**T**HERE are various signs and symptoms of eyestrain and defective sight which call for immediate investigation. Headaches in a healthy child should immediately be suspected.

Rapid blinking, twitching of the face muscles, and rubbing of the eyes are ominous signs, too, while eyes which become red and tired after a day at school or a visit to the pictures should be regarded with suspicion.

Often young children move their faces very close to an object which they wish to examine. This may be due merely to habit and not a sign of trouble, but a skilled examination will soon disclose whether it is caused by a defect or not.

There are three common defects of vision, long-sightedness, short-sightedness and astigmatism, which means that the curvature of the eye is irregular. If a child is long-sighted, whenever he is awake his eye muscles are in a state of constant strain, and it is difficult for him to focus his attention on near objects. This strain can be easily removed with the aid of corrective glasses.

Short-sightedness or myopia can also be treated with the aid of glasses. The short-sighted person is always screwing up his eyes to sharpen the blurred images of the objects around him, and myopia can very often be a serious condition, for with it are found harmful changes occurring in the coats of the eye.

Properly prescribed glasses can

### For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

#### The school lunch

**T**HE lunch problem is an ever-present one to mothers.

Most schools have a "tuck-shop," and a recent survey of what children can buy at these shops discloses what ill-assorted food and badly-balanced lunches children buy.

The conscientious mother will, with a little forethought, plan simple but tasty and nutritious lunches which will supply the vitamins and the important mineral matters that are largely missing in the tuck-shops.

A leaflet dealing with various suggestions for the school luncheon-box has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed, stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

## DO YOU KNOW?

**SOUTH SEA ISLANDERS**  
believed  
THAT A PORPOISE TOOTH  
TAKEN INTO BATTLE, CAUSED  
THE ENEMY TO FLEE

**WHERE TEETH WERE MONEY!**  
ON THE SOLOMON ISLANDS,  
PORPOISE, FISH AND DOGS'  
TEETH were used as MONEY!  
ONE HUNDRED PORPOISE TEETH =  
FORTY DOGS' TEETH =  
ONE FISH TOOTH. TEETH  
HAVE ALWAYS BEEN REGARDED  
AS INVALUABLE. KOLYNOS  
KEEPS YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY  
CLEAN - LEAVES THEM  
SPARKLING with NEW  
LOVELINESS

**WOMAN WHO HAD SIX SEPARATE GROWTHS IN TEETH**  
LISON (1876) MAKES A  
CURIOUS OBSERVATION OF A  
WOMAN WHO HAD SIX  
SEPARATE DENTITIONS.

**AMONG THE EUHLAYI ABORIGINAL TRIBE, A CHILD BORN WITH TEETH HAS NO EARTHLY FATHER.**

**SOFT, STARCHY FOODS CAUSE "BACTERIAL MOUTH"**

THESE FOODS STAY WEDGED BETWEEN YOUR TEETH AND FERMENT - CAUSING BACTERIAL MOUTH AND DENTAL DECAY  
KOLYNOS, FORMS INTO MILLIONS OF TINY ACTIVE BUBBLES WHICH FLOAT AWAY DEPOSITS - LEAVE TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN. KOLYNOS IS MORE ECONOMICAL TOO - LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTES. IF 2 INCH ON A DRY BRUSH IS ENOUGH

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM**  
1/3 AND 2/3





A PLAIN MODERN MANTEL is given character by the clever arrangement of glass, china, and bric-a-brac. Serving a double purpose as a china cupboard and a decoration, it is a note of character in the room. A graceful chair padded in dull pink brocade gives color to the corner without seeming to cramp the space.



CREAM NET, falling in layers from a kidney dressing-table, an old mahogany table mirror, gilt cheval glass, which reflects the bed, which is covered with a delicate cover of the same net, and heaped high with tiny satin and net-covered cushions, and a severe old mahogany wardrobe make up the furnishings of the exquisite small bedroom.

## Charming treatment FOR TINY APARTMENT

● A very feminine atmosphere is the keynote of Mrs. Dick Pockley's flat in Ocean Avenue, Edgecliff. Lieutenant Pockley is away with the A.I.F. in Malaya, and the flat has been furnished entirely by Mrs. Pockley with the utmost feminine delicacy and charm.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR



ADDED SPACE is given to the dining-room by placing the small, round polished table and its four tapestry-covered chairs to one side of the room, and allowing plenty of space between the kitchen door and the small, high-backed sideboard, on which stands some lovely burgundy glass which reflects the color of the deep red curtains and the red glass candlesticks on the table.

A TINY entrance hall, only a few feet square, has been treated by massing etchings above a low wooden bench, lacquered white. On the bench stands the telephone and a small white vase with trailing ivy. The utility of a bench as opposed to the more conventional chair and table is demonstrated by the space it allows in the tiny hall.

The lounge-room is given extra space by the careful placing of the furniture against the walls, the choosing of elegant, graceful furniture, such as an empire couch, so that none of the furniture will appear heavy and clumsy in the small space, and the economical and clever use of pictures on the wall space.

One simple, delicate still life on one wall and four small steel engravings arranged severely in a straight line above the writing-desk give a feeling of ordered space in a small room.

Plain boards oiled and polished make a perfect setting for the lovely mahogany furniture. Simple fawn rugs in no way detract from the color scheme of soft pinks and greens.

The outstanding characteristic of the flat is its feminine quality. This is enhanced by the fact that it is unfailingly neat, another factor which helps to give space to its small rooms. An untidy small room takes square feet of space from it.

Exquisite flower arrangements, most of them tiny mixed bowls, add charm and color to the flat.



AN OLD-FASHIONED WALL TABLE, on which stands some of Mrs. Pockley's collection of china and silver, and a huge bowl of peach blossom and lilies, over which hangs a lovely old mirror in a worked silver frame, is an attractive corner of the lounge-room.

Judicious use is made of glass, silver and pewter as ornaments, the lounge-room mantelshelf being an outstanding example of this treatment.

Altogether this small flat reflects the personality of its mistress, as every home should, and its gracious feminine atmosphere is plainly a portrait of its owner.

The entire flat is a clever example of the miracles that can be worked with a limited space. The furniture is small but has a note of elegance and luxury, and the arrangement is cunningly worked to give an uncluttered effect.

### OLD ICE CHEST



### NEW ICE CHEST



### DYNAMEL

Your one tin of Dynamel does so many jobs that the cost of each is amazingly low. Dynamel is better than enamel. Goes twice as far. Dries twice as hard. Lasts twice as long. When you Dynamel your ice chest, ask for special White Dynamel for the interior.

If you have any Home Decoration problems at all, just write to Anne Stewart, our famous expert on Home Decoration, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, N.S.W.



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A FEW PENCE  
TO DO!

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SPRINGBAK

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### Linens and Rayons



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MANY  
LOVELY  
SHADES  
CREASE-  
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FADELESS

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\* If unable to obtain Moygashel fabrics at your store, write direct to Box 3323 PP, G.P.O., Sydney, or Box 2880 T, G.P.O., Melbourne



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Arnott's Shredded Wheatmeal Biscuits so popular with everyone — so delicious, crisp and wholesome, contain

1. The whole of the grain of selected wheat which has been grown in special districts for the purpose.
2. The full vitamin protein and mineral salt content of the whole wheat grain.
3. All the elements for tissue replacement and health building in the proper balanced quantities required by the body.

They are non-fattening.

They are a wonderful aid to digestion. This is greatly aided by the natural roughage they contain.

Their analysis reads as follows:—

## SHREDDED WHEATMEAL BISCUITS

72.89% Carbohydrate, 7.44% Protein, 13.3% Fat.

These nice biscuits supply all the essentials to nutrition, in rich abundance. They remain crisp and oven-fresh almost indefinitely as packed in air-tight tins and packets by Arnott's.



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**SHREDDED WHEATMEAL  
BISCUITS**

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